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JUDGE

OCTOBER 1936
PRICE 15 CENTS

OCT - 2 1936
PERIODICAL DIVISION

When *Doctors* "Feel Rotten" —This Is What *They* Do!

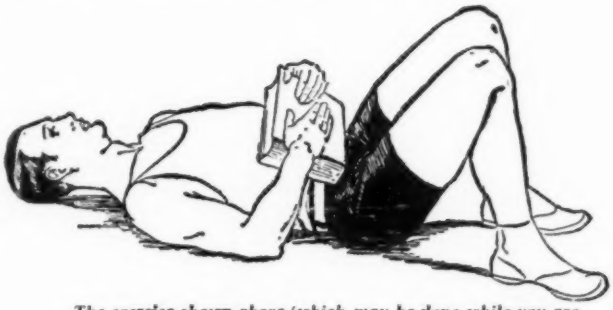
ARTIE McGOVERN
Formerly Director of New York Physicians' Club. National Amateur Champion Boxer at 16! Learned science of training in prize ring days, but realized after opening first gym, he should know more about workings of human body. So he studied at Cornell University Medical Clinic, where he was also physical director for 8 years.

Today, at 44, is a model of physical perfection—stronger and more active than the average college athlete.

HOW can many of New York's busiest physicians stand up under their gruelling duties? Why are their nerves so steady, their minds so clear after nights of broken sleep and days of fatiguing work?

The answer is simple. They follow rules for health described by Artie McGovern in his new book. Many not only go to McGovern's famous gymnasium in New York, but asked him to become Physical Director of the New York Physicians' Club!

These doctors are too wise to fall for work-outs that leave the "patient" gasping, dizzy, exhausted, the kind of exercise that does more harm than good. And not only doctors have benefited by McGovern's safe, sane methods. Among the nationally known people who have used them are: Grover Whalen, Walter Lippmann, Vincent Richards, Babe Ruth, Gene Sarazen, Rube Goldberg, Frank Sullivan, Paul Whiteman, Isaac Marcosson.



The exercise shown above, (which may be done while you are lying in bed), is one of the best you can do! On the other hand, such stunts as bending over and touching your feet with your hands are some of the worst you can do—on a par with trick food fads and crazy diets. McGovern's book shows you how to keep fit without such drudgery or exhausting exercise!

Artie McGovern doesn't make you give up smoking, cocktails, juggle calories or vitamins. He has no pills, trick reducing salts, tonics or apparatus to sell you. His famous Method is based upon sound scientific principles; the result of 20 years' experience in planning physical culture programs for people in all walks of life. Thousands have paid up to $500 for the McGovern course—now so clearly described and illustrated in this great new book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit"—the very same method relied upon by thousands of doctors and men important in public life.

America's Greatest Trainer at Last Reveals His Secret of Keeping Fit!

In his new book Artie McGovern gives you the "de-bunked" truth about exercise. He explodes popular fallacies. He shows you how to increase vigor, feel better, end constipation, and either lose weight or put on solid pounds—how to get more enjoyment out of life. Your particular problem (depending upon the type of person *you* are) is treated as such.

Here is a book of unvarnished truth about *your* body, *your* health, *your* living habits. It shows the ONE *safe* way to control weight (the way *doctors* and *athletes* do); how to eliminate nervousness, sleeplessness; how to correct constipation without laxatives; how to tone-up your entire system, and build reserve vitality to resist sickness. And all with simple, easy exercises you can do *at home*—without apparatus!

Are You Overweight—Run-Down—Constipated?

Do you feel run-down? Are your muscles flabby? Are you overweight or underweight? Do you take laxatives? Do you sleep poorly? Do you wake up tired? If your answer to one or more of these is "Yes" then you owe it to yourself and family to try the McGovern method.

SEND NO MONEY

TRY THE McGOVERN METHOD ON THIS 30-DAY DOUBLE GUARANTEE

The McGovern method has worked for thousands and can therefore be sold to you on the following terms:

Price $1.98 —IF you decide to keep it!

1. Send no money with the convenient coupon below. When postman hands you your copy of Artie McGovern's new book, THE SECRET OF KEEPING FIT, deposit with him the Special Offer price of only $1.98, plus few cents postage. If, after five days' reading, you are not convinced that the McGovern Method is just what you need and want—you may return it and your money will be refunded at once.

2. If, after applying for 30 days the principles clearly given in Mr. McGovern's book, you don't feel like a new person, vibrant with glowing health and new-found "pep"—if you aren't thoroughly convinced by actual RESULTS that it is working wonders for YOU—you may even then return the book for a full refund.

Clip and mail this coupon—without money NOW! SIMON and SCHUSTER, Inc., Dept. 3710, 386 Fourth Ave., New York

SIMON and SCHUSTER, Inc., Dept. 3710
386 Fourth Ave., New York City

Send me a copy of Artie McGovern's new illustrated book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit," which tells in complete detail, the methods Artie McGovern uses in keeping doctors and famous men in all walks of life, up to par. When postman delivers it, I will pay $1.98, plus few cents postage charges.

It is distinctly understood that, if I care to, I may return the book within 5 days. It is also understood that, if putting Mr. McGovern's method into practice does not, within one month, produce the actual results I want, I am to have the privilege of returning the book. In either case my $1.98 is to be refunded at once.

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City..... State.....

☐ Check here if you are enclosing $1.98 herewith, thus saving postage charges. Same refund privileges apply, of course.

(Outside U. S. $2.25 cash with order)

BABE RUTH
—What the McGovern Method Did for Him

	Before	*After*
Weight.....	256	216
Neck.....	17½	15½
Chest.....	43	40
Expanded...	45½	47
Waist.....	49¾	38
Hips.....	47	41
Thigh.....	25	23
Calf.....	16¼	15

WOMEN
Some of the famous women who have taken the McGovern course are Maureen Orcutt, Julia Hoyt, Babe Didrikson, Mrs. Morgan Belmont, Hannah Williams.

GENE SARAZEN
Says:

"McGovern's Course of Health Building is the most effective, valuable exercise system I have ever experienced. In previous years I have tried various methods to keep in good trim, but none compares with yours for getting results.

"Your health-building program has been of untold value to me. I heartily recommend it to golfers, both professional and amateur, and I am also convinced that it will prove a blessing for any average man or woman."

Judging the Books

HAVING in "Rome Haul" dug the old Erie Canal from the rubbish, abuse and disuse that has buried it, and magically turned its waters into the vital stream of another day, and having dug more or less into the innards of his beloved absolute monarchy, upper New York State, Walter D. Edmonds now resurrects a living picture of the Revolutionary War, Mohawk Valley version. The book is "Drums Along the Mohawk" and while no "Rome Haul," it's Mr. E.'s usual cool, clean, passionately simple and accurate job. Happily, it's still another step towards humanizing history, knocking the stuffing out of the shirts of our historically heroic and making them living and breathing folk like you and maybe me. Mr. Edmonds is careful to show you that under the gloss of historical sublimation upstate, people had small and big virtues and similar faults, were pretty much then as they are today in those very same rube sectors.

A sort of Grand Hotelly thing, the novel spreads the vital statistics of a group of Mohawkers thru the seven years fighting that was the Revolutionary War along the pleasant, bosky purlieus of the Mohawk River from Fort Stanwix to Fort Johnson. This was no organized war, filled with lofty phrases and mighty historical deeds, but a sort of private war—a war within a war, fought by farmers who knew little of Washington or King George or taxes but wanted to save their farms and wives and kids from their immediate enemies—the mercenary Indians, the Tory and the British. Tho Americans all, they themselves hated the Bostonians and the Continental Congress and their allies, the German farmers of the valley, only allied with them because they had personal hatred of the British. But it was a war nevertheless, very James Fenimore Cooper, thrilling with ambush, scalping Indians, sieges of forts, fought by village Hampdens commanded by burger Napoleons.

The great weakness of the book is that Mr. Edmonds has fallen for a current practise among novelists. He has tried to show the parallel between the problems of the farmer of that day and the farmer of this. Both, he seems to think, have been victims of a mess-making Congress, and he does everything but see the Hand of Moscow behind it All. Frankly, we think him, hero tho he be to us, slightly cockeyed and we hope this halfbaked intrusion into politics doesn't mean that Mr. E.'s going to trade his considerable novelist's talent for a bag of political slush.

But there's enough sheer speeding yarn in "Drums Along the Mohawk" to slough over these opinionatings. The Indians are marvelously thought out and handled. You get the idea after awhile

(Next page, please)

For that uncertain feeling—

Do sudden swerves
Upset your nerves?
Does traffic get your goat?

Do stomach ills
Disrupt your thrills
On board a train or boat?

If so, be ready—
Keep calm and steady—
Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

Travellers! keep calm with BEECH-NUT GUM

BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM... is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM... candy coating protects a pleasing flavor . . . and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

BEECHIES...another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

ORALGENE . . . Its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise . . . and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

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Books

(Continued from page 1)

that an Indian was more than a stoical grunt in a blanket with a lethal barber complex, but a complicated child of nature. Edmonds' strongest talent seems to be that he can make the past bloom into realistic being yet keep it moving as rapidly as a good Henty book. We were a little disappointed that he didn't fetch up some new colloquialisms as he did in "Rome Haul": old slang like "derned twerp," "Jeepers," "Criminy." Certainly the revolutionaries didn't all speak like Harvard naturalistic poets.

BITING off more than nobody but Shaw could chew, Mr. R. L. Duffus, well known New York Times book critic in "The Sky But Not the Heart" takes a pretty fine idea and try tho he does, fails to spark it so it hits on all 16. He collects examples of all the political nuts in the present mess, herds them and a lot of lovely gals on a leaky boat bound for nowhere and tries to wring a sort of Shavian philosophic fantasy out of the situation. There is some exciting melodrama, some very funny passages, some very penetrating remarks and a hatchful of downright witty comments on world political types. But the book's so clumsily put together it's hard to tell which leaks more—the boat or the book. It's worth your attention, however, and maybe if Mr. Duffus eats his spinach and grows whiskers like good old Daddums Shaw, he can succeed to the Great Bird of Paradox's pants.

IN LINE with their Willdurantian popularization of Deep Subjects, Simon & Schuster present Donald Culross Peattie who in turn in "Green Laurels" presents the Great Nature Lovers of the World. These are the bug-hunters, bird and butterfly chasers, herb smellers who are content to let the world chase money and fame while they fuss around yanking little known things from the body of Ma Nature. Life not being to the J. Otis Swifts their deeds are lost in libraries and must be dug from the dust by noble amateurs like Mr. Peattie. This Mr. P. does with the tender love of a wife, the splendid traits of a bookworm and a gifted press agent. "Green Laurels" is a gentle, erudite, whimsical, and an only occasionally precious resurrection of the world's little known great.

"THE Mountain and the Plain" by Herbert Gorman is 653 pages of good old-fashioned blood and thundering Dumas, taking a good new Liberty League stand in favor of royalty in the dear old French Revolution. There isn't a trick of historical romancing missed, it's much more lively than that wooden "Anthony Adverse" and should be Hollywood's meat, being perfect hokum.

—TED SHANE.

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STORK CLUB
prices
are very high
but we serve
only
the best of
food, wine
and
liquor.

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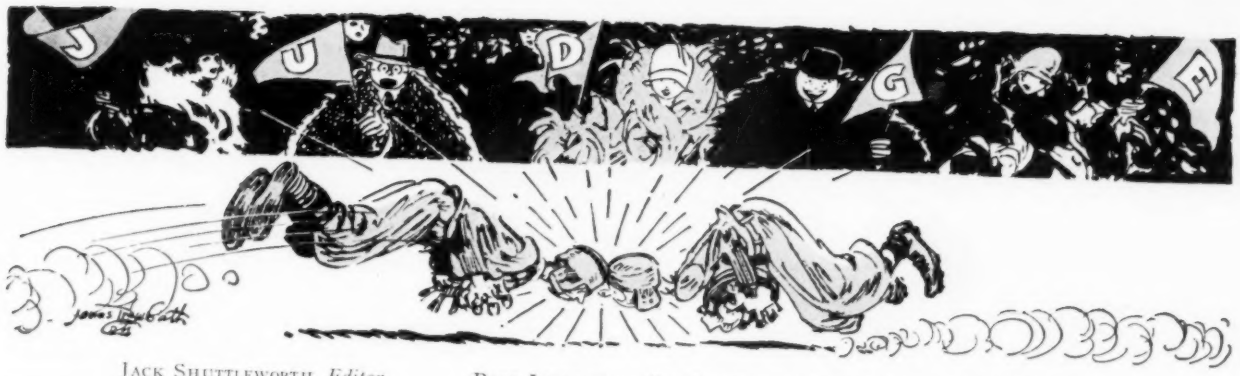
Sherman Billingsley
Managing Director

OCT -1 1936



JACK SHUTTLEWORTH, *Editor* PARE LORENTZ, TED SHANE, STANLEY JONES, *Associate Editors*

THE meek are not only inheriting the earth but in some countries they are even getting their faces pushed into it.

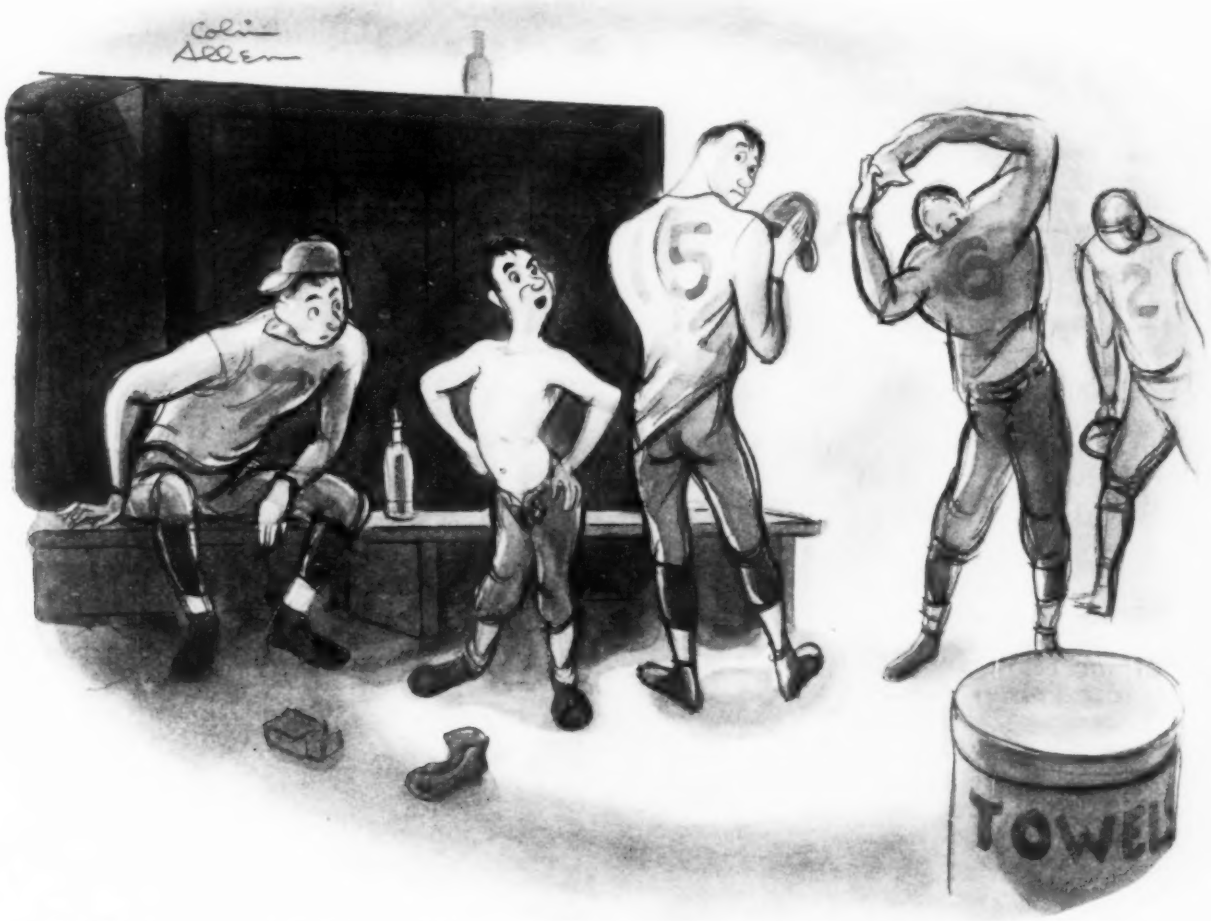
AND, if universal peace ever is established, two-thirds of the world is going to get caught entirely unprepared for it.

IN Spain women are carrying rifles. In this country they're writing diaries.

OUR local real estate developer has got a new colony of houses going up. Things are moving along so fast that he is digging cellars at one end of the development—and foreclosing mortgages at the other end.

THIS is the land of opportunity, all right. Amateurs land jobs on the radio imitating professionals who are out of work.

BUT we must admit the radio industry is doing very well despite the activities of its two natural enemies—static and program directors.



"If that dopey coach thinks my father's sending me to college to be a waterboy, he's mistaken!"

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"For counterfeiting, you are fined ten thousand dollars—in real money!"

Real Heroes

DR. A. C. JOHNSON of Princeton, New Jersey, who shaved himself with a stone razor dating back to 2500 B.C.

Joannis Geougious Kalochristianakis of Spokane who did not change his name when he acquired citizenship papers.

Mrs. Louise Peterson of Chicago who received her fourth divorce without ever having accepted a cent of alimony from an ex-husband.

Hsia Chen Ying of Tientsin, China, who bowed forty thousand times to his guests at a birthday party.

Albert Balboni of Los Angeles who bought a lot of six hundred and thirty pairs of shoes, all size 14.

District Attorney J. C. Welsh of Catskill, New York, who asked a witness a single question containing fifty-five hundred words and requiring an hour to propound.

Minor Emergencies

CASHING a personal check.

Searching for needles in a portable phonograph.

Tying a bow tie.

Putting up a one-man top.

Accepting a collect telegram.

Opening a bottle without a corkscrew.

Turning off a strange radio.

Hunting for a blotter.

Changing razor blades.

Reading a timetable.

Introducing people you know by first name only.

Cashing a personal check.

Observation

IT'S pretty hard not to notice that the Republicans who profess the greatest admiration for the horse and buggy days drive around in the biggest and shiniest automobiles.

And America might have been even more successful in the Olympic games if we had only had the forethought to introduce some form of competition in the art of holding the bag.

The Greeks have a word for it; the French have a demonstration for it; but the Americans always have a tax for it.

And there's only one thing worse than being unemployed in a family where nobody is working, that's being unemployed in a family where everybody else is working.

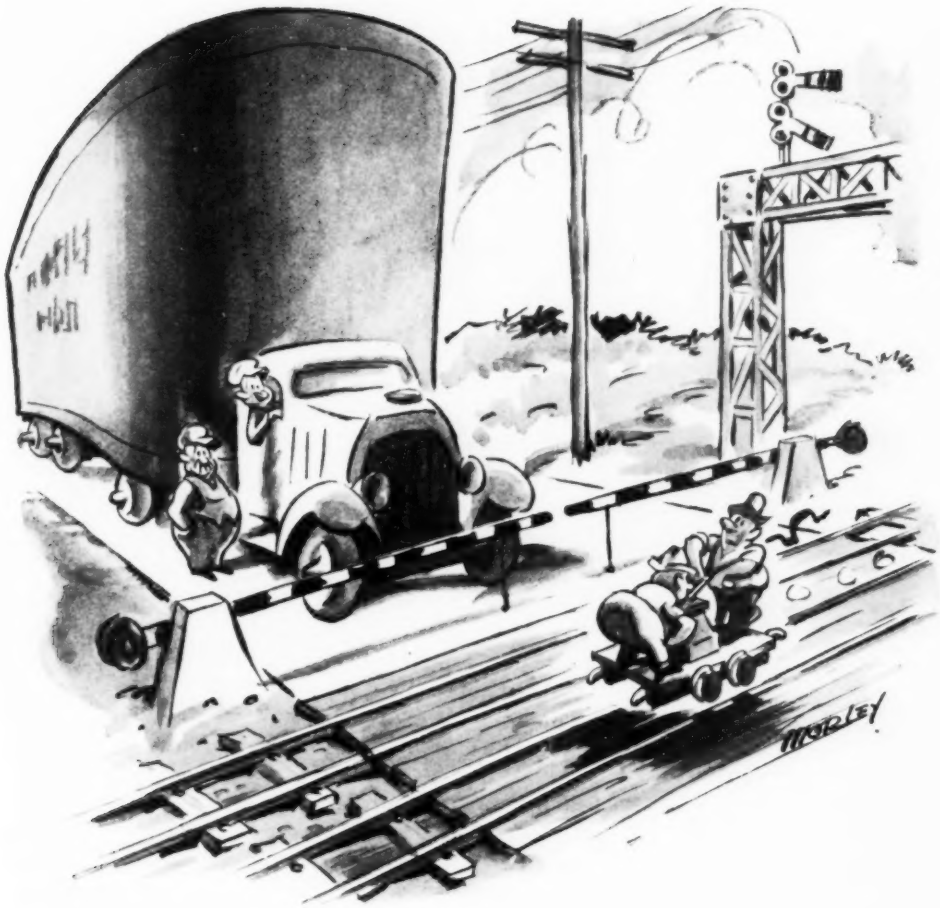
An American millionaire is having a chateau shipped from France piece by piece. It sounds as though the parcel post people are doing the job.

Simile: Chattered like a group of radio commentators who have got a man trapped in a mine.

Joseph Dunninger, the magician, is offering $10,000 for a genuine ghost, but aside from this there seems to be little real future for the taxpayer.

Giving everybody over sixty $200 a month would develop three classes of people in this country. There would be the people who got the $200 a month, the people who earned it and gave it to them —and the people who took it away from them.

"Did someone here send for a doctor?"



In Praise of Poesy

A POET'S watch
May be always in hock,
But you never have
To punch a clock.

You can serenely
Stay in bed
And make up verses
Out of your head.

And doze, and jot
Them down, and then
Serenely go
To sleep again

School teachers may
Be very fine,
But you have to get
To work by nine;

Stenographers
May have a snap
But you can't stenog
And take your nap;

While buyers for ladies
Wear and such,
Have to push
About too much.

So I'll recline
Upon my spine
And stick to this here
Metric line.

—E. J.

Advice to the Lovelorn

NEWS ITEM: On the basis of countrywide accident statistics the hazard of night driving is 4.4 times greater than the hazard of day driving.

YOUNG man, drive all you wish in the daytime,
It's a four to one shot you will thrive,
But according to recent statistics
After dark you're in luck if alive.

Let the traffic whiz by all around you,
You've a swell chance to get through its roar,
But at night-time the cards are against you,
With the odds, if you please, four point four.

So lock the garage when the moon shows its face,
Avoid all the hazards of wrecking.
You will live ninety years at a mild, snail-like pace,
And miss out on plenty of necking.

DENYING that they have ruined the Civil Service, the New Dealers point out that when they came into office there was a national emergency. For one thing, thousands of Democrats had no jobs.

And the citizens of Spain who did succeed in dodging the shells all through the revolution are only going to find them on their tax bills next year.

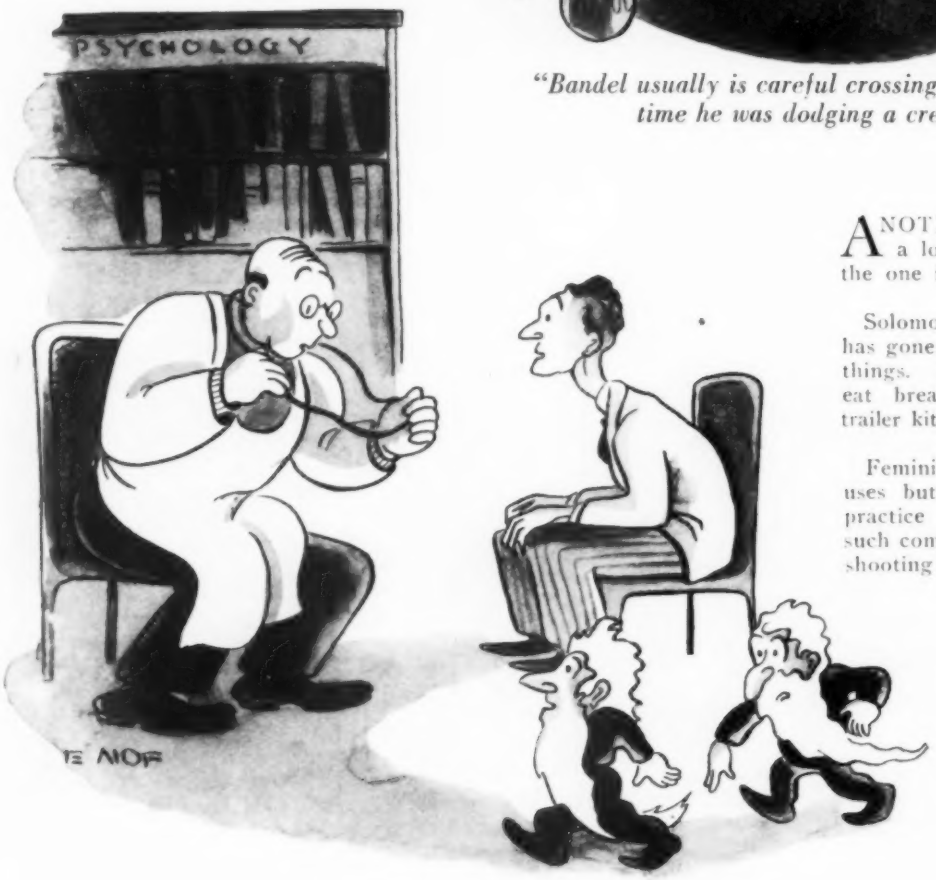
"I'm the garbage man, Madam, and I'm going to take away your little Mary!"

Head Man

"I'VE been listenin' to you for seventeen years, now you listen to me. From now on I'm the head man in this house. I'll handle the money and you'll get by on what I give you—I'm sick and tired of marching in here every week and handing over my pay check. You're gonna cut out the weekly beauty shop trip and I'm gonna start smokin' again. And you're gonna stop your going to the movies every other night, cause I'm gonna take up bowling. From now on you're not only gonna wash the dishes, you're gonna wipe 'em too and it won't do you any good to start that 'Oh, if, I'd only listened to mother,' stuff. Now bring me my carpet slippers, hand me the evening paper and hurry up with dinner. I've gotta date to play cards with the boys tonight and I don't wanna be late. How does that sound, Charlie?"

"Sounds okay to me, Fred. 'Course I'm not so sure about how it will sound to your wife."

"Bandel usually is careful crossing streets, but this time he was dodging a creditor!"



"Doctor, I have hallucinations."

Fact

ANOTHER machine that throws a lot of people out of work is the one in the voting booth.

Solomon's drinking the hemlock has gone into the limbo of forgotten things. Now we have people who eat bread pudding made in auto trailer kitchens.

Feminine intuition may have its uses but we can only deplore the practice of women drivers placing such complete dependence in it when shooting out of side streets.

The canning season is here and it's mighty cheering to note that more housewives and fewer employers are taking part in it.

In Germany the young people assemble in huge groups for gymnastic exercises but over here they just get together in parked coupes.

"What if I did flunk Algebra? I'm not going to feed my husband any $\sqrt[2]{x^3 + y^3}$ *!"*

Flaw

THERE was a time, my dear, when I
Would shout your praises to the sky,
But I no longer feel like raving—
You *will* ask questions when I'm shaving.

The nations of Europe have their own method of bringing about peace. They extend their sympathies to the under dog and their munitions to the one on top.

The postal department is cooperating in the Safe-Driving campaigns, although all along the public has been aware it pays to drive carefully in the vicinity of mail trucks.

And occasionally we like to look back at the good old days, when a woman would wrap just the reins around the hitching post, instead of the whole wagon.

A Connecticut tearoom proprietor has closed shop on inheriting half a million dollars. Unfortunately a way cannot be found to give every tearoom proprietor half a million dollars.

Description: He is the kind of a guy who would sell you the shirt off his back.

Our local rugged individual has refused to apply for an old age pension. He is putting his faith in bank night at the movie house.

I Learn from the Movies

EVERY character in every movie by waving his left hand backward in a circular motion can place it on a telephone.

The characters in all films are either flat broke and hungry or millionaires.

The hero and heroine never find themselves in states where the law requires waiting a certain number of days before marrying.

Any woman over forty referred to as Countess is a dangerous spy.

Nobody in pictures ever looks in a phone book without finding the number.

On a moment's notice any member of the cast can enter a phone booth and produce the correct change for a toll call to Montgomery City.

A unique sixth sense inherit with all actors enables them to drive like fury to the warden's office in a strange city.

Nobody connected with the plot need wait for the next elevator, produce credentials, or pay for C.O.D. packages.

Automobiles start at a touch, and upon stopping, the pulled-up emergency brake emits a smart clicking sound.

"I want to take a look at him in the daylight!"

Mistress Pepys' Journal

By Baird Leonard

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y., September 1.—The nights are now grown so chill that sheer evening frocks are inadequate protection against their nipping air, so off to the village draper's for some sturdy stuff like the ubiquitous glazed chintz or Kentucky bedspreads to be fashioned into makeshifts for dinner wear, and I did come upon a sale whereat I bought a handsome remnant of blue and gold pseudo-brocade for a dollar and sixty cents. Its manufacturer doubtless intended it for chair-backs or window curtains, and albeit I learned at my grandmother's knee that no *moyen age* model should ever be made out of material costing less than twenty dollars a yard, Mistress Wheeler will, for three dollars and a half, turn it into a long-sleeved teagown with a train, and I am more a-twitter over what I shall have for such a small outlay than ever I was in my life over a fitting on a velvet garment running well into three figures. And I do pray that it be something mighty special, since the community is buzzing merrily over my having flown into the face of Polonius's advice as to the costliness of one's habit, albeit Samuel holds that their mirth would be diminished were he to enlighten them as to the true state of my purse at the moment, a precarious one which the wretch himself could remedy with a simple pen-scratch. So home, and found an at-home invitation from the McClungs, of Cherry Valley, who are also giving a gala for the younger set the same week, and my first intimation of approaching anility was registered at being asked to the garden party instead of to the dance. Well do I recall similar warnings in this connection which friends have confided to me, Dick Eyre having received his when less seasoned bridge players goodnaturedly allowed him to look back at the last trick not once but *twice*, and Eugenia Seabury's being suddenly struck one day by the fact that all the policemen looked so young, and Marie Doro's realizing one dawn at the Paris *halles* that she could never again stay up all night with any pleasure, and Janie Orcutt's fuming because her earrings kept dropping from her aging lobes. But if I must grow old, I do mean to do so gracefully, praying for strength against putting black velvet bows in my hair and taking an interest in college boys.

"... And when he put his car together again, he had seven parts left over!"

SEPTEMBER 2.—Most of the morning gone working on the double-crostics in back numbers of The Saturday Review, the most engaging problems, to my notion, which any publication has yet presented to its readers, albeit if their solutions were aught but literary I doubt if I should apply myself to their difficulties with such fervor. And I did solve all but that for July 11, being unable to learn who was slain with Nisus in the Trojan War, and finding "Halacha" unprofitable as an appellation for the haggadic exegesis. Then fell a-cleansing of my typing-machine, using Absorbine, Jr. on the keys to such advantage that I wonder its makers

"It was a false alarm!"

do not feature this use of it in their advertising, as well as its efficacy as a remover of nail-polish. Driving through the town, I did meet France Tyler bearing her contribution to the garden club exhibit which is featuring famous quotations in floral arrangements, and France had stuck into a crystal bowl a motley assortment of unrelated flowers, upside down and every which-way, to symbolize "A tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," a splendid dodge to extricate herself from aesthetic struggle and win a special prize against no competition. Ate far too much at luncheon of chicken a la King, baby lima beans, popovers, peaches, etc., and learned during the meal that the local golf tournament had played havoc with my bridge plans for the afternoon, and was so desperate for a fourth that I did telephone virtually everybody in the community save the Catholic priest, and when it looked as though we must either play Towie or chouette at backgammon, I bethought me that Hobbs, one of the chauffeurs, had occasionally asked me to clear up some point of the game for him, so I did commandeer him to sit in with us until Katie Jackson finished her match, and he won three dollars, which I was glad of. And Carol White did tell us how her gambling cronies would brave the elements rather than let a hostess down, causing her husband to exclaim one day last winter when they were snowbound, "Well, the milkman can't get through, but here comes the bridge club." And when Sam did break in upon us to ask whom we should suggest as chaperones for an outing which our host has planned for the young people, we were unanimous in naming Sergeant Cunningham and two of his State troopers.

"Careful, sweetheart!"

"Au, tell her I've gone to China!"

Things to Come

MY interview with Professor Eustace Bauble began on the fire escape of his flat down near the railroad tracks. I found him hanging up a pair of socks with a piece of string.

"Professor," I said, "I'm from the Daily Bugle. The city editor sent me down to see you."

"Ah, yes. Yes, indeed," said the Professor. He bowed and scraped, and rubbed his hands together. "Won't you—step in?" he finally asked.

I found a chair and planted my feet on the table. "Now what's the lowdown, Prof?" I asked. "You got a story?"

"Not exactly a story," he replied. "Rather—shall we say—a theory. That's it—a theory."

"Just like Einstein, eh?" I asked.

"But more practical," explained the Professor modestly.

"Don't tell me you're in competition with the Townsend Plan," I begged. "It's not another substitute for work?"

"Oh, no," said the Professor. "Just a—shall we say—a theory."

"We said that once," I reminded him. "What is it?"

"First of all, it calls for a complete revision of our school system, and our methods of printing the daily news. I'll show you."

The Professor went over to his kitchen range and dug a sheaf of manuscript paper out of the oven. "My code book," he said proudly.

"Code? What code?"

"First I shall give you a brief history of the theory. I thought of it first about ten years ago. It was then I began to realize that all news is the same. It is merely the same things happening to different people."

"I see!" I said weakly.

"When I realized that, I began to rebel against reading two columns of type to find out that one Mazie Zilch had shot her husband and his stenographer."

"I see!" I repeated.

"But I must have cooperation. The school system and the press must help me."

"What's your solution, Professor?"

"My code," said he. "You may look it over."

"Looks like a lot of mathematical formulae," I said.

"It does," agreed the Professor. "But each of those formulae is a news story."

I TOOK my feet off the table. "You mean each of these groups of numbers and letters is a news story?"

"Take that one there," said the Professor. He pointed to a group reading: A + B = 1R.

"A plus B equals one R," I read.

"All that needs to be added are the names and addresses," said the Professor.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"In the code, A is a man, B is a woman. One, of course, means one, and R means Reno. It means that a man is divorcing his wife, or she is divorcing him, in Reno."

"But who are they?" I asked.

The Professor took a pencil out of his pocket, and a blank sheet of paper from a pile on the table. He wrote

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"Goldstein will do anything to make a sale."

Letters We've Never Received

By Parke Cummings

DEAR Mr. Cummings:

Inasmuch as our files show that you have been a constant attendant of all our major football games for the last ten years, we are sending you, with our compliments, two tickets for the Yale game. Unfortunately we had no available seats in dead centre, but we hope that these, on the forty-five yard line, will meet with your approval.

Very truly yours,
The Alumni Athletic Association.

DEAR Sir:

We have been informed that you have in your home a considerable quantity of old magazines and newspapers. Being possessed of a new patent for utilizing them, we are offering a flat rate of fifty dollars for all magazines and daily papers in your possession. We would be glad to call, and will pay cash upon collection.

Yours truly,
The Magic Process Company.

DEAR Parke:

We sure enjoyed that week-end with you. Thanks a lot. On returning, I find that I left my new tuxedo in your guest room. I just wanted to tell you not to bother to do it up and send it back. Keep it and wear it if you find it fits you—which I think it will—or else give it away or throw it in the dump.

Regards,
Bill.

DEAR Sir:

Through an oversight a bill was sent you last month for milk which you have received from us. Kindly disregard this bill, as it is our new policy to give away a month's free milk to all customers who have been with us over two years.

Sincerely,
The Jones Milk Co.

DEAR Parke:

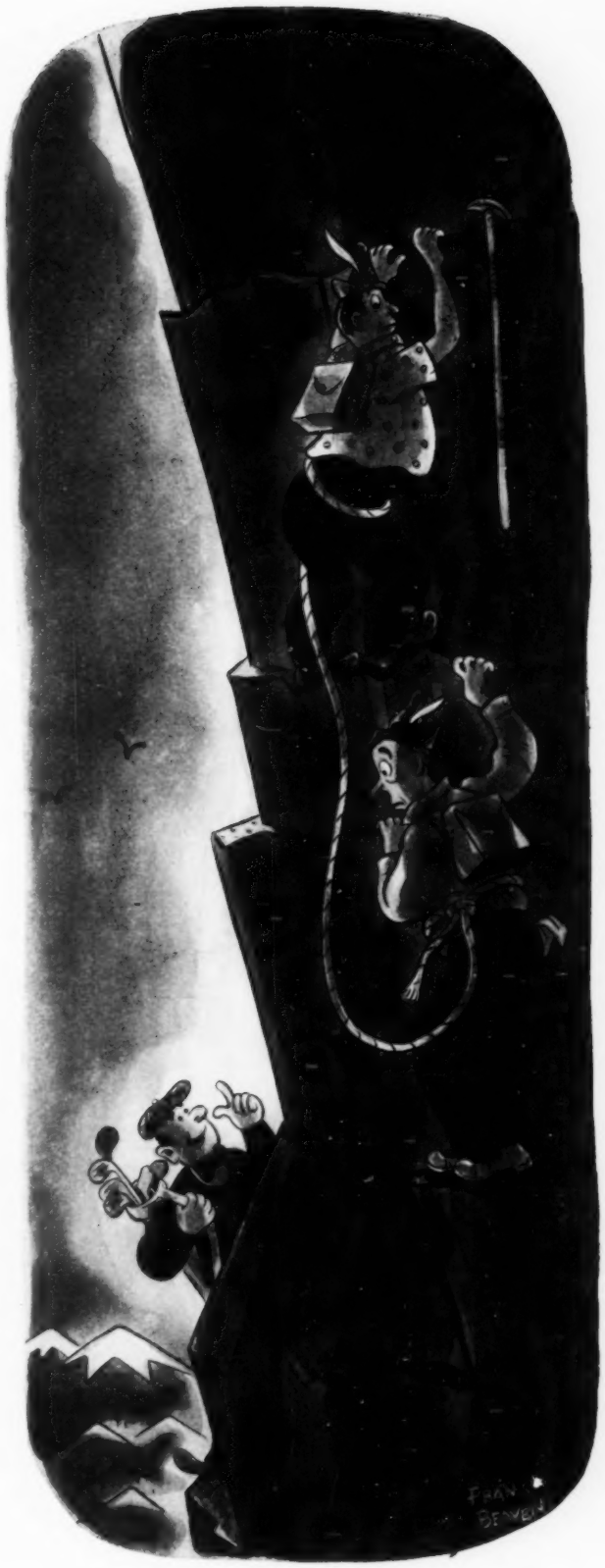
We are moving out to the country for a couple of weeks, and intend to stay at the Inn. As you probably know, I am crazy about gardening, and I wonder if you would mind very much if I came over to your place occasionally and puttered around—weeding, raking leaves, cutting the lawn and anything else you could recommend. I feel the need of exercise badly.

Yours,
Joe.

DEAR Mr. Cummings:

Our records show that your account is considerably overdrawn, and, while it is not our policy to hurry our depositors we would appreciate it if you could straighten up your account within the next few weeks. Kindly let us hear from you to that effect so that in the meantime we can issue cash for checks drawn by you in that period. A telephone call is all that is necessary.

Very truly yours,
The West Hudson County Trust Co.



"Where's the green?"

THE MOVIES

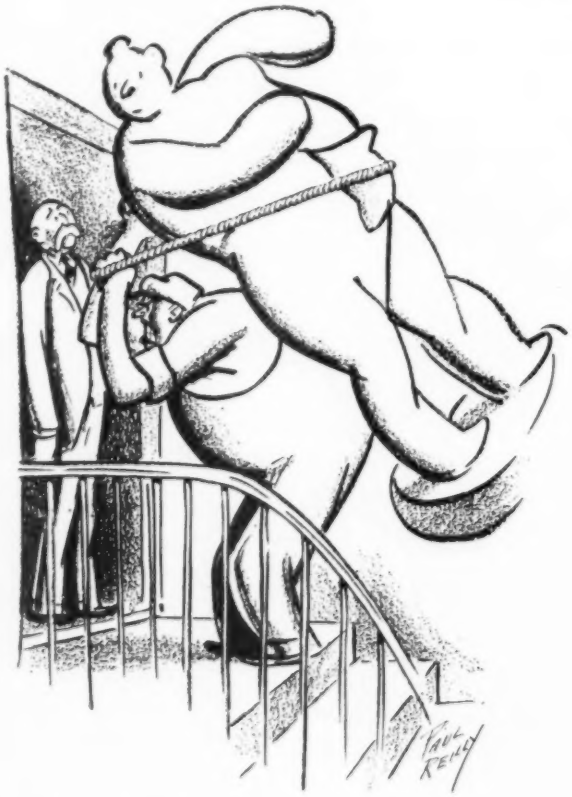
WHEN the news went round that the luscious Carole Lombard and the fascinatingly ugly Mr. Will Powell, once temporarily married, were to throw each other around again in "My Man Godfrey," the Fan Mags got all fidgety bosomed; editors held the mighty presses for who knows what; Lombard and Powell consulted their managers as to how to comport themselves; and the night they started working the Hollywood intellectuals filling their souls at the Hollywood Bowl rushed out between Bach and Beethoven for hot dogs and to catch the latest flashes on the matter from the trade papers.

As far as I can make out, Powell called Lombard Snooks, Lombard retaliated with an old petname, and the two went to work to turn in a thoroly capable, routine performance, succeeding admirably. Now and then Lombard rubbed noses with Powell on the set, sat in his lap or stuck out her tongue at him but nothing could be made of this because she did precisely the same thing to any man she knew from the studio gateman to Mr. Adolph Zukor.

So aside from some abortive ballyhoo, the studio masterminds who had deliberately teamed the two, hoping to get fireworks, were sadly let down on their comfortable patios. I have yet to see how love or hate can effect a good performance. Time and again have I sought with microscopes for signs of a known offscreen romance making the screen to take fire. Time and again I have seen two actors, jealous of and hateful to each other during the making of a picture, turn in a Shelleyan romance that rang with burning passion. That's how deeply I go into my critical job.

However, "My Man Godfrey" is a pleasant farce made of old bits of Rachel Crothers, some early Maugham, a lot of surefire plot gadgets as tried as Chautauqua—all cunningly arranged in a cantmiss pattern. Lombard, a dizzy twill, very rich, snags Powell from a Hooverville on a city dump, drags him in as a Forgotten Man in a Scavenger Hunt, then makes him the family butler in a family even screwier than she is. In time Powell sanes up this goofy crowd, takes quite a beating from Lombard's sister, turns out to be rich folks himself temporarily depressed and a neat hand in the stock market. He finagles around in what must be an anti-Rooseveltian manner, wins what Lombard's paw loses, saves the family from ruin, gets himself Lombard and solves the national problem of unemployment—thereby making himself a sort of cross between Freud, the Man in Gray, the Crusaders, Alf Landon, Pollyanna, Romeo, the Union League Club and J. P. Morgan, no mean trick.

I'm afraid I didn't quite follow Bill's ideas on unemployment but they did sound fairly reasonable. What I gather is this—Bill would like to take all the Hoovervilles and idle factories and farms and turn them into night clubs, operated by the unemployed and supported by the rich, who would get the money to spend by playing the market. He himself makes his former home on the city Dump into the dandiest, whitest night spot, complete with functional architecture and cover charge, called The Dump, and it looked very prosperous on the screen. Maybe this is what Mr. Landon has in mind in those billboard promises of a job for every one if he's elected. Anyway it's worth a try. Lord knows we're trying everything else.



"Not yours? Well, it is now—I carried it up five flights and I'll be damned if I carry it down!"

IF IT weren't for the hurricane clowning of those unashamed vodvillains, the Ritz Brothers, and a certain vitality with which their presence must have infected the rest of the Hollywood cast, "Sing Baby Sing" would be just a so-so musical, wreathed in bum taste. But every once in a while when everything is about to disappear in the gathering gloom, these idiots appear and proceed to save the picture.

For "Sing Baby Sing" is a miserable attempt to poke fun at the recent cross-country flight of our leading Shakespearean actor, and in such noble purpose it falls flat on its face. Not that Mr. Barrymore is entitled to any privacy in return for his peccadillos d'amour but at least he is entitled to good straight satirical punches, which he doesn't get in this—only fouls. The otherwise gifted Mr. Menjou is badly miscast as the unhappy Shakespearean and in the rest of the fevered mêlée Gregory Ratoff plays the usual impecunious ballyhooer trying to put over the usual gifted amateur. This time the amateur is Alice Faye, the gal with the face sculptured from soap, and she sings without furbelows or fancy trills. Michael Whalen is a reporter-juvenile, does the usual squabbling with the heroine Alice and seems to have too much lipstick on his handsome Irish mug. Patsy

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LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS
IT'S FROM AUNT MINNIE, IN KANSAS — IT'S SO DRY OUT THERE THEY HAVE TO PIN THE STAMPS ON!
MOSTLY FROM LOEW'S STATE
HOT DOG!! — THERE'S NOTHING LIKE AN OLD FASHIONED WALTZ!
YOUNG MAN, I DON'T KNOW YOU, AND I'LL GIVE YOU JUST THIRTY FIVE MINUTES TO REMOVE YOUR ARM!
ROUGHLY, HE'S WORTH SIX MILLION DOLLARS!
HE WON'T BE AFTER YOU'VE SMOOTHED HIM OUT!

Impressions of the Famous and Infamous

By Frank Fenton

J. Edgar Hoover:
The Rover Boys in the Department of Justice.

John D. Rockefeller:
A Midas whose touch turns everything to golf balls.

Charles Laughton:
Falstaff in a day nursery.

Shirley Temple:
Pollyanna among the money-changers.

Grace Moore:
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm in a toothpaste opera.

Rexford Tugwell:
Harvard at the plough.

Ben Hecht
Solomon as a sophomore.

Barbara Hutton:
Beverly of Graustark in the Ten Cent Store.

Douglas Fairbanks:
Ponce de Leon committing suicide in the Fountain of Youth.

Max Baer:
Achilles and the heel.

"We are getting even with the people upstairs for their bumping over our heads."

Mae West:
Aphrodite in tights.

Congressman Gassaway:
An Oklahoma Puss in Boots.

"They keep the monkeys amused on rainy days!"

H. L. Mencken:
Nietzsche with a saxophone.

Al Capone:
Moby Dick in the aquarium.

Irving Berlin:
Der Liebestraum on a mouth organ.

Richard Byrd:
Tom Swift in the Frozen Spaces.

Upton Sinclair:
Mother Hubbard cooking the dog to fill the cupboard.

Gertrude Stein:
The Witch of Endor with a typewriter.

Clifford Odets:
Communism out of the red.

Father Coughlin:
Gabriel over the White House.

Frances Perkins:
Aspasia in the counting-house.

H. G. Wells:
Mind over reading matter.

Herbert Hoover:
Political death takes a holiday.

Samuel Insull:
Ali Baba and the Forty Lawyers.

Walter Winchell:
Plutarch with a bottle of gin.

Mayor La Guardia:
The lion throwing himself to the Christians.

Fifty Years Out

By Stanley Jones

An intimate interview with a prominent alumnus, revealing new sidelights on the old days on the campus.

IN HIS later years, Sir Isaac Newton became England's Master of the Mint, and used to smile wanly when apple-cheeked editors of the "Cambridge What-Ho," the undergraduate paper, would call around for the annual interview about his college days.

"Aw shucks," he would say, sinking his teeth absentmindedly into a new sovereign, hot from the presses. "I was just one of the crowd. And a bit of a grind, I fear. At least, the only times that my company ever seemed to be really in demand was during exams. The crew and rugger men all wanted to sit near me then. I can hear them yet, hissing 'Write those answers larger and clearer, Ike. Remember, it's for the Old School.' But the rest of the term I was just a fag, a—"

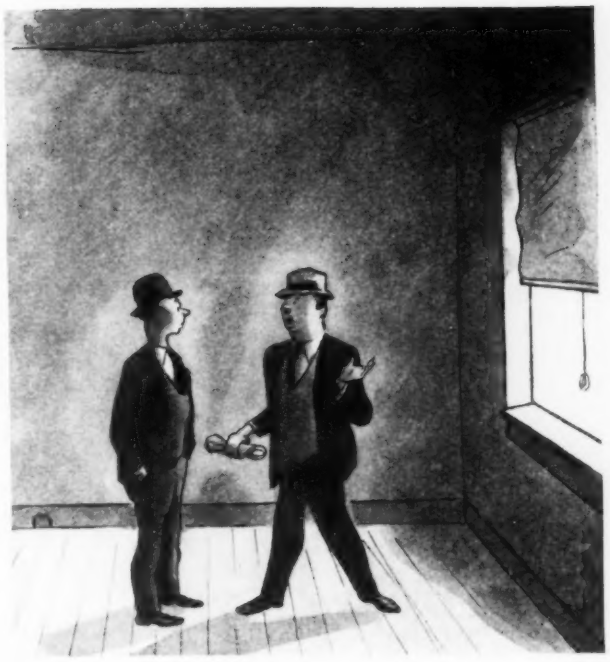
"A what, sir?" interrupted the managing editor, shocked.

"A fag," said Sir Isaac. "You know, a boy who ran errands and picked up the ginger beer bottles for the Senior Fellows."

"Oh," said the managing editor, looking relieved. "We don't have them any longer—not since Waugh and Beverley Nichols debunked the place. The professors wait table now for their board. We figure that we're doing the blighters a jolly good turn by showing up for classes at all."

"Dear me," said Sir Isaac. "I prolly wouldn't know the place."

"I'll wager you wouldn't," said the boy. "But it's still a bit of Old England. Now, sir, how about nicknames—what did they call you?"



"I can't tell if my wife left me or if the installment man was here."

"Herbert has been carving the Declaration of Independence on the head of a pin!"

Sir Isaac blushed. "It isn't particularly nice," he admitted. "I was 'Ike' to a few close friends. But most of the time I used to spring to attention when some upperclassman would bawl out, 'Hey, you little punk!' Some of our Trinity boys were a bit on the rough side, if I may coin a phrase."

"Odds bodkins!" exclaimed the boy. "And if you can't, I'd like to know what good being Master of the Mint is! Coin away, sir—pray do."

"THANKS a lot," said Sir Isaac gratefully. "It isn't often that I find anyone who really appreciates my getting off a good one around here. You know how jealous government employees are, young man."

"The pater gives them a hiding," chuckled the youth. "He fair does."

"I'm afraid we're off the track," said Sir Isaac. "To return: I entered

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HIGH

The Judge Jr.
High Hat Award No. 10

To: Col. Charles A. Lindbergh.

CITATION: For patient and unremitting research which resulted in the "Robot Heart"—an apparatus which enables human organs to be kept alive indefinitely, and which furnishes an approach to one of life's greatest riddles.

Working in close association with Dr. Alexis Carrel, research biologist of the Rockefeller Institute, Col. Lindbergh recently displayed their mechanical heart to members of the International Congress of Experimental Cytology.

Dr. Carrel said, "Col. Lindbergh now has worked with me for five years. On this apparatus he worked incessantly for six months. If any detail or problem eluded him, he would work day and night until it was solved. The outstanding significance of the apparatus is that Lindbergh succeeded in making a blood serum pulsate. His efforts have given us an approach to one of life's great riddles."

This is high praise, from a great man. It adds to the stature of one of the country's outstanding citizens, whose triumphs and tragedies have ringed the globe and won the sympathetic respect of the civilized world.

It is our great pleasure to award this Dobbs High Hat to Col. Lindbergh for his notable advent in science, as well as in the air. He probably won't wear it, but some day we hope to see him carrying it in his hand!

Junior Gets the Doodles

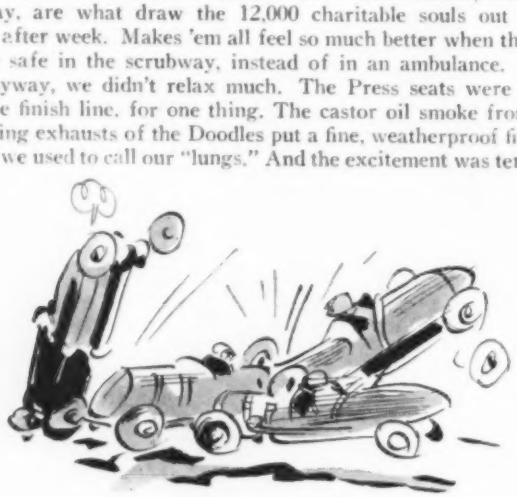
NO, Hennery, the Doodles are not a new disease, or any relation to the "Morning-After Meemies." They are these Midget Auto Racers that are taking the country in a sputtering loop of speed, spills, smells and hairbreadth 'scapes.

We call 'em Doodles because they look like Doodle bugs—only they move faster and smell worse! But they're not much bigger.

Roaring Rollerskates!

WE ambled out to the Madison Square Garden Bowl, in Long Island City, the other Wednesday evening. Prepared to relax in the cool night air, destroy a few sacks of goobers, and mebbe see a crash or two. The crashes, the boys do say, are what draw the 12,000 charitable souls out there week after week. Makes 'em all feel so much better when they go home safe in the scrubway, instead of in an ambulance.

Anyway, we didn't relax much. The Press seats were right on the finish line, for one thing. The castor oil smoke from the belching exhausts of the Doodles put a fine, weatherproof film on what we used to call our "lungs." And the excitement was terrific!



A Doodle Takes Wings

WE had just borrowed a program from a fellow, and a pencil from a mighty pretty girl on our right.

Ten or twelve Doodles were roaring 'round the half-mile concrete saucer under the floodlights, with Ronny Householder in the lead. The way those boys hit into the turns makes our three spears of hair stand spang on end. They're practically hub to hub, with the little doughnut tires touching, and the rasp of the dry skids drowning out everything except the loudspeaker.

We tried to act bored, for the benefit of the mighty pretty girl. "They're all fixed," we shouted, "like rassling."

"Is *that* so?" she yelled right back, looking prettier than ever in her rage. "Why don't you stay home, then, with your parchesi?"

At that moment, just as we were getting ready a real eagle bird of a retort, Ray Pixley of Fullerton, Cal., slammed into the fence on the west turn. Wow, what a buster!

Junior Awa

JUNIOR beli that the sporting ture, service, the out ling yet done. He b s, m suitable recogni So ing a monthly a of t of probity, gai nd g ship—a High H Dob

Junior's oth mont takes the appr te Flannel Night It that He or She spe most out of tur wil conks of Kings illjoy Dumbth and E rs o pas. It will co t on and ears of th ipie mouth as well. will muffle speech. e Jr nominations for h aw form of auth clipp the press. Let's !

HAT

The Judge Jr.
Flannel Night Cap Award No. 10

To: Miss Mary Astor.
Citation: For writing.

In the old days, people used to sniff when a "Kiss and Tell" Man passed. He has been succeeded by a more ominous figure—the "Kiss and Write" Woman.

From the old Soauth, we dislike to kick a woman with a diary in her hand, but the time has come, brothers, the time has come. Obsessed with something, Miss Astor felt impelled to reopen the divorce action of a year ago, and to splash acid on several more or less innocent standers-by.

Her spicy intimacies, hilariously hailed by the tabs, not only threatened her own box-office appeal, but reputedly involved many other stars.

For a woman in Miss Astor's position—or *any* other woman, in *any* position—to gush forth names and places in a ledger diary, and then to lose touch with it, is a criminally silly thing to do. We see no reason on earth, save a juvenile passion for recording sensation in order to prolong it, for such graphological airing of private bed linen.

In penning these words, "Why the hell I keep writing things down in this book, I don't know," Miss Astor left a great question unanswered. We think she knows, now—when the mud is drying into dust. It may serve as Important Lesson No. 1 to the gals everywhere.

ior Awards

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Let's !

Yards and yards of the white wooden crash wall went into kindling. Doodle No. 8 spun 'round a couple of times, rolled over like a streamlined pig in a puddle, and finally came to rest.

Helpers, flaggers, ambulance drivers and coppers raced through the blue haze of smoke, while the lights at the turns went yellow for "Caution," then red for "Stop." They picked up Pixley, who is a big car driver, too, and finished sixth at Indianapolis.

It seemed incredible that he could have survived. But the first thing you know, the son of a gun is walking into the pits, in the infield! The loudspeaker began reassuring the hopeful thousands.

"Nothing very serious, folks, just a few cuts and contusions on the face—Ray Pixley is now in the ambulance on the way to St. John's

Hospital . . . He'll require a few sutures, but it's all in the night's work . . . Ray's radiator is broken, however, and his frame is badly bent, which is too bad."

Well, sir, within fifteen minutes new planking had been nailed on, sand had been sprinkled over the scene of the crash, and new parts had been ordered for Mr. Pixley's Doodle! In another year or two, we expect surgery and science to have on hand complete new parts for the drivers—we're heading that way. We may even have developed a new type of Streamlined Man or Woman.

Doodle Data

MOST of the Doodle drivers are small, slight gents who look more like pale, stoopshouldered clerks than dirt-eaters who play "Knock, Knock" with their lives every time the starter yells, "Let 'Em Roll!" Plenty of them are knocked off every week, here and there about the country, for Midget Auto Racing has caught on in a big way.

Lou Schneider, the Indianapolis Flash, owns three or four Doodles. Guess he has to watch out he doesn't crowd his own investments too close on the turns.

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JUDGE ON THE BENCH

The Big No Man

THIS presidential campaign may go down in history as a flop. If it is recorded at all in the scrolls of American High Comedy, it will be for the fact that John O'Donnell of Pennsylvania shouted NO at Father Coughlin's convention in Cleveland. There were 8153 delegates and alternates present at that orgy. During three days they voted on this, that and the other—mostly the other.

And in all that voting there was only one NO, and that was John O'Donnell's. It was on the last day, on the question of endorsing Lemke for President. Accounts say that O'Donnell was scared stiff. No matter. Many an Irishman before him has been scared stiff and has yet gone barging ahead to do what his stubborn heart told him to do.

The significance of this incident, the overtone, the imponderable—as the highbrow journals call it—is that at last there has reappeared in our decadent civilization the encouraging phenomenon of a man who can be the only one to say no when all the rest of the crowd is saying yes. For so long have we been the vassals of conformity that we've forgotten how important that is. Social pressures have squeezed the juices of personality out of us. Keeping up with the Joneses has kept us too breathless to keep up with ourselves. If a thing "isn't done," we dare not do it. If everybody else on the block has a patent double-acting lawn sprinkler, we've got to hot-foot it to the hardware store and get one. The art of millinery, the science of making two gowns hang in the closet where one hung before, all the machinery of style-changing, are built upon the principle that a woman who doesn't look like all the other women is a pariah. Men are no less silly—straw hats, high hats, dress suits, Rotary Clubs—need we cite more evidence? Children are worst of all. The sharpest terror a little girl knows is having to go to school in a dress that is either much nicer or much poorer than those the others wear, and the deepest agonies of the little boy are over the thing the other boys have that he can't have.

It has often been observed that the most striking characteristic of American social life is the fad, the wave that surges across the land and leaves us all washed up on the same rock—all playing Mah Jongg, or put-and-take, or ask-me-another, or crossword-puzzles, or knock-knock. We are toadies to taboo and the minions of mores. We are a nation of yessers, and there are no good honest guts of unconventionality in us.

Some of the people and things to whom and to which we personally wish we dared to say NO are: card trickers, haberdashers, week-end house parties, picnics, last-putt conceders, roller coasters and Ferris wheels, the third cocktail, all contract bids of five or more, traffic cops, shoe shiners and church socials.

Yet there are a few more of us each year who long to escape from this prison of conformity, who fain would be ourselves instead of being everybody else. Wistfully we press our noses to the window-pane, peering to see if perhaps one of our neighbors is doing something a little bit different, so that from him we may take courage to kick up our own heels in our own way. And so all honor and praise to John O'Donnell, the scared Irishman who got up on his hind legs and swallowed his quid and said NO when 8152 others said yes.

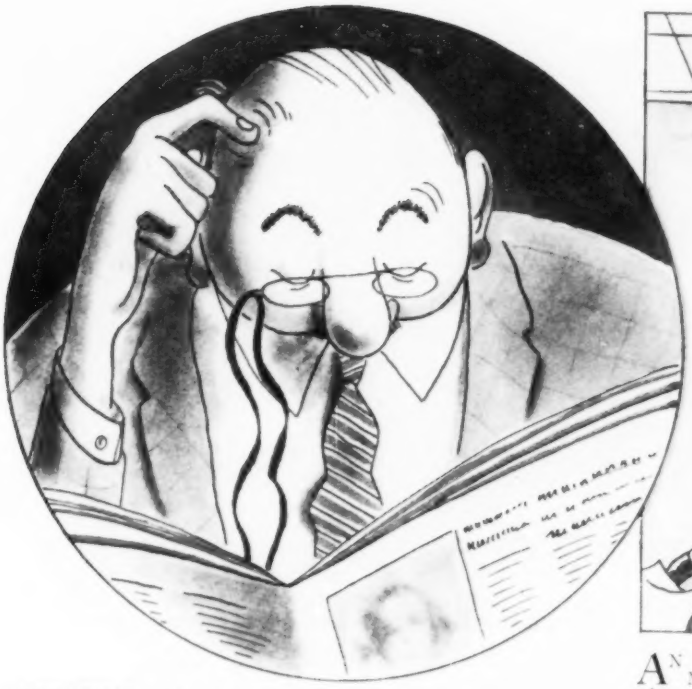
One of Father Coughlin's female delegates said in a speech "for those of us who haven't a material father—whose father is in the Great Beyond—he (Coughlin) can be our father, and we won't need to feel lonesome." And so we say, that for those of us who don't know how to say no, who have no sales resistance, no individuality, no soul to call our own, John O'Donnell can be our NO man, and we won't need to feel so hang-dog.

Ancient America

TO THOSE who get excited about the tombs of the Pharaohs and excavations in many far lands, may we offer the reminder that we keep finding relics of ancient civilization right here on our own soil. The latest discoveries are in Nebraska, between the Missouri and Niobrara rivers. There, in the deeply covered sands of what was once a desert, lie the ruins of a city which may have been the largest that ever existed in prehistoric America. An expedition from the state university went to see why so many arrowheads were scattered over the hills. Digging down, they found what Dr. Earl H. Bell describes as "one of the most sensational sites ever found in this country." It was a city three miles long and densely settled. There are three levels, the deepest of which may go back as much as four thousand years. In this lower stratum are found the chipped flints left by a race of nomadic Indians living by hunting, while in the higher levels of later cities are found pottery and carbonized vegetables, showing that agriculture had thrived there. It was formerly thought that there had been no farming in the midwest until about four hundred years ago, that is, not much earlier than the time when European explorers discovered our eastern shores. But now it seems likely that on the margin of the prairies at least there were tribes who settled and built solid homes and tilled the earth from season to season very much as we do now.

This kindly land of ours has cared for its own for hundreds of generations. But sometimes when we see the floods or the dust storms tearing away the good soil, we wonder whether we deserve its bounty, or whether our generation will let it go back to the desert from which those earliest ones reclaimed it.

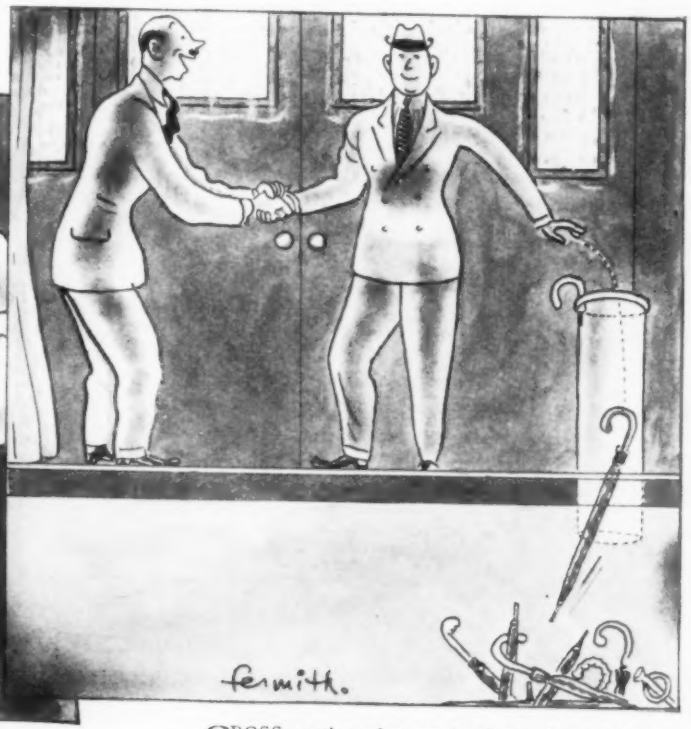
Judge's Camera Contest



INFORMAL study of Elmer Q. Yupe reading a recent newspaper report that thousands of Indians will starve this winter unless aid comes from the government, and wondering how on earth the Redskins got along for all those centuries before Franklin became President.

AN outstanding member of New York's smartest literati, Mercer Skumm was snapshot recently, as, after days of terrific mental torture, he was about to give up his idea of suicide because he couldn't think up a bitter enough farewell note.

FOR soothing rejuvenation of the nervous system and general physical toning-up there is nothing comparable to a week-end cruise. This is strongly evidenced by the above photo of Homer Blotter, returning on the S.S. "Bronx."



CROSS section photograph of the foyer of Mr. Patrick Gumboil, showing the ingenious method he has devised for being assured of a constant supply of umbrellas.

The Movies

(Continued from page 12)

Kelly is her usual sourpussed self and delivers a lot of poor lines of the "Oh, yeah" variety with dexterity and coolness.

"STAGE Struck" and "Cain & Mabel" are a pair of Warner musicals, both are backstage stories and both are pretty goshawful, the latter easily taking honors. In "Stage Struck" Dick Powell, the crooning lollipop, is an harassed dance director going thru the birth pains of putting on a Broadway show. Dick registering birthpains is like a marshmallow having another marshmallow only gentler. But Dick's voice is pleasant and he sings just in time to rescue you from your jangled nerves occasioned by his acting. Tho I may be a victim of the current saying that no man ever says a good thing about Dick Powell and no woman a bad one, I think I know the reason why Arkansas is a backward state. Dick Powell is its first Citizen by popular choice!

As for "Cain & Mabel" it's pretentious, burdened with Miss Marion Davies and saddles Mr. Clark Gable with a terrible part as a boxer who bumps along the road to love, to find Miss Davies, a waitress become musical comedy queen, at fadeout time. In fact, Mr. Gable looks sick thruout the proceedings and I for one suspect he was always thinking of his part. How he ever becomes world's heavyweight champ is a mystery to me, for he looks less fit than Maxie Baer and heavens knows it's a mystery how Max ever got to be champ!

And as if the story weren't amateurishly fashioned and knit together, the characters keep slugging each other thruout with a banter made of clumsy hunks of slangy euphemisms, much like a herd of dinosauri belaboring each other in pretty fun with 200 foot pine trees for shillalahs. But poor Mr. Gable!

KING VIDOR has two sides—an aesthetic and a woodpulpy—and can turn each on and shut it off regardless of the other. When he goes artistic, he makes great failures; when he exercises his alter ego he makes successful cheapies. Not one of his honest pieces have been known to succeed; not one of the others to flop. Since he has to eat, he is forced to make cheapies—and since he always makes a lot more money than he can spend on food, he obligingly sinks the excess dough in another soul satisfying flop. It's getting so

"How about a little wine for thy stomach's sake?"

Hollywood will not advance him money for anything but cheapies. It's that much money thrown away, they figure. And since his better pictures—"The Crowd," "Hallelujah," and "Our Daily Bread" are actually good there doesn't seem to be an answer. Unless Roosevelt gives him a hunk of government money and lets him make classics.

Vidor's "Texas Rangers" is frankly cowboy and Indian horse opera and, since it was done by Vidor, a very superior horse opera. There's a lot of gunplay, some real oldfashioned injun warwhooping and scalping, a tried and true good badman plot, some tense wild and woolly moments and a thrilling minute or two in which Injuns roll giant boulders down a cliff at some beleaguered Rangers. Jack Oakie is at his best as a weak moralled gabby good bad-man; Lloyd Nolan takes the picture from Fred MacMurray in a walk; Jean Parker is pretty bad as are most of the minor characters.

The funniest thing in the picture is Fred MacMurray masked in a hankie trying to look like a tough holdup man. As if anyone couldn't tell from a mile away he had the soft eyes of a saxophone player! The scenery is fine and the explanation is that tho you're told very explicitly at picture beginning that this is a saga of Texas, it was all photographed in New Mexico!

"ALL American Chump" is a mild standardized farce built on the late Bridge Battle of the Century featuring those two titans of the pasteboards, Sid Lenz and Ely Cumbersome. Stu Erwin does a standardized throttlebottom as a human lightning calculator who accidently becomes a bridge champ; there are a few funny moments and some fairly amusing gangsters; and no bridge hands are played. Don't go to see this, then, for a free lesson in bridge. Fraid you couldn't have learned anything because the way the scenarist got over that Stu Erwin knew his bridge, was to announce dramatically that he understood the rule of 11! The love story in case you're the kind who must have your love opiate in the theatre, is badly tacked onto the story.

"You can back up, Joe—that ain't a hydrant."

Things to Come

(Continued from page 10)

briefly. "There," he said handing me the sheet, "is your complete news story."

I read it.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jones, 555 Sixth Avenue, City.

A + B = 1R.

"It says," said the Professor, "that Mr. and Mrs. John Jones of 555 Sixth Avenue, this city, are being divorced. You notice that Mrs. is underlined. That means she is the complainant, and the one who is in Reno."

"I see."

"Do you think any story can be told in two or three lines of type in this manner?" asked the Professor eagerly.

"Sure. If you know the code and your readers know the code."

"Then it is a success!" cried the Professor.

"Wait a minute, though," I said. "How is everybody going to know your code?"

"It will be taught in the public schools," said the Professor. "Your grandchildren and mine will not have to read thousands of words to learn commonplace incidents about people they do not know. Newspapers of the future will print bare facts, and if the reader knows the persons mentioned he will be able to investigate further for himself. If he does not know them, it is naturally none of his business."

"Professor," I said getting up and preparing to leave, "I think you've got something there."

"Where?" asked the Professor looking around wildly.

—David Murray.

Movie Guide

Picadilly Jim—Bob Montgomery as the Lord intended him—funny, gracious and sophisticated—in superior farce comedy made up from P. G. Wodehouse (pronounced Woodus).

China Clipper—Pat O'Brien and his dimples and some glorious shots of the greatest invention of the age.

Draegerman Courage—Two Trapped in Mine! Warner's release! Danger!

Romeo & Juliet—The production's alive but Shakespeare's dead. Leslie Howard is hardly a redhot spaghetti bender and Norma Shearer works hard to bring out the essential purity of Juliet's nature. Cost: $2,000,000.

Green Pastures—Marc Connelly and Roark Bradford's sentimental study of the cullid bible faithfully transfilmed from the stage. De Lawd ain't up to de standard set by the late William B. Harrison but do see it.

My Brother's Wife—The worst picture in years with Prettyboy Bobs Taylor, girls. Isn't he too, too, divoon?

Anthony Adverse—Duller than the book.

Hollywood Boulevard—A lot of Hollywood old-timers in a story that'd have shamed Theda Bara. See how the stars age like everybody else.

To Mary With Love—Nostalgic mush about marriage with Myrna (Suffering) Loy and Warner Baxter, all very Faithful to Baldwin.

Our Relations—Laurel & Hardy in a W. W. Jacobs yarn. Not bad.

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FOR BETTER BREATH AND TEETH. *Many* actors and actresses are generous in their praise of Dentyne as a real aid to a healthy mouth — wholesome breath — beautiful teeth! The secret? Dentyne's special firmness invites more vigorous chewing — gives teeth and gums healthful, *needed* exercise. It tones up mouth tissues and wakens the salivary glands, promotes natural self-cleansing. And yes — it does help your mouth and chin keep their firm, youthful curves!

ITS FLAVOR IS A WINNING NOTE. Just sweet enough — just spicy enough — Dentyne flavor is perfection itself! Fragrant — delicious — lasting. Try it — discover for yourself why it is the choice of people with critical taste. Another point in Dentyne's favor is the smartly flat shape of the package — an exclusive feature — and handy as you please to slip into your pocket or purse.

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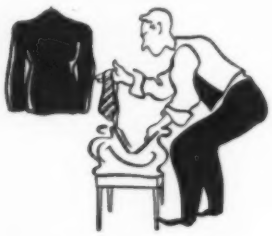
I'LL TOSS YOU FOR IT - -

DOLE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE JUICE



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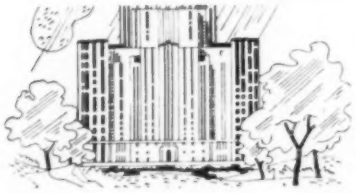

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The Same Old Gang

FRANK'S FAMOUS HELL'S KITCHEN
318 West 45th St., New York City
(Frank & Jack's Before Repeal)

Fifty Years Out

(Continued from page 15)

Trinity College in 1661."

"Hah," exclaimed the managing editor, "you must have come in the same galley with William the Bastard. What?"

"Please," begged Sir Isaac, glancing through the heavy mist of the Embankment at the sun dial. "If you keep interrupting me, you'll get no interview. I have to inspect a new shipment of guineas in ten minutes."

"I thought they were all in Ethiopia," said the youth.

"I WAS elected a Fellow of the College in 1667," snapped Sir Isaac. "And in 1672 I read my ahemm, well-known essay, 'A New Theory about Light and Colours,' before the Royal Society."

"How did it go over, sir?"

"It laid them in the aisles," said Sir Isaac simply. "Particularly this paragraph." He shut his eyes tightly and recited: "Colours are not qualifications of Light derived from refractions of natural bodies as is generally supposed, but original and connate properties which in divers Rays are divers . . . to the same degree of refrangibility ever belongs the same colour, and to the same colour ever belongs the same degree of refrangibility."

"Oh, capital, sir!" cried the boy. "And how about the apple?"

Sir Isaac bit into another sovereign, found the flavour unpalatable, and spit it out with a ringing clink into his metal wastebasket. "Oh—that," he said. "I don't know how that crazy idea started. Unless it was because of my habit of nibbling a Baldwin behind my Geography."

"BUT," said the youthful editor, "didn't you really get the idea of the Law of Gravity from a bally apple dropping out of a tree and conking you on the noggin, sir?"

"Not at all," said Sir Isaac firmly. "I got that idea in quite a different manner. Deuced unpleasant, too, if I my say so. It was this way: the students had a nasty habit, in my day, of hanging out of windows which overlooked the Quod—you know the Quod, of course?"

"Quide", nodded the youth, making notes.

"You're not so bad, yourself," admitted Sir Isaac, with a trace of envy. "However: they used to hang out of the windows, with large paper bags full of water. These they would cause to descend upon the persons of unwary passersby, giving them a proper dousing and causing no little inconvenience."

"They still do it," said the managing editor. "The blaggards!"

"In any event, I seldom escaped," sighed Sir Isaac. "Time after time, I

(Page 25, please)

Wit-Nits

By Peter Potter

Many Tanks

MR. PULTZ started on a long motor trip with a partially filled gas tank. After driving forty miles on this bright sunny morning he stopped at a Socony station and filled his tank which took just eleven gallons. When he had driven eighty-four miles further he had just one-half the amount of gas as when he started the trip, and after driving another thirty-six miles he had the misfortune to run out of gas.

It would be unfair to ask you the make of car he was driving, but you should be able to tell how many miles he averages per gallon.

Digit Crypt

THE following depicts a sum in long division. Letters have been substituted for the digits from 0 to 9, inclusive. Each letter always represents the same digit. When you have found the digits represented by each letter arrange the letters in numerical order and they will spell a word.

```
T D I ) E M E I H T ( H L C
      C I A
      -----
      T O A H
      T H M O
      -------
        E C L T
        E C L T
        -------
```

Tobacco Road

MAJOR BICKFORD was on an extended safari through the jungles of South Africa making a survey for the British Government. This fever stricken territory infested with dangerous animals and reptiles never fazed the intrepid Major. But he was badly shaken one day to discover that he had only twenty-seven cigarettes left. He cut himself down to three a day, furthermore he discovered that by smoking carefully he could make one cigaret out of every three butts. At this rate how many cigarets could he smoke?

Cross and Doublecross

WE respectfully call to your attention the plight of three missionaries and three cannibals whose only means of crossing a stream was a boat having a capacity for two people. All the missionaries knew how to row but only one of the cannibals, the king, could row. For obvious reasons the missionaries wished that at no time would the number of cannibals on either side of the stream be greater than the number of missionaries at that point. This took quite a bit of arranging, but was finally accomplished. How did all six get across?

We suggest you use three matches for the missionaries, three burned matches, one of which is broken to represent the king, for the cannibals and the match box for the boat. The river we leave to your own devices. But be careful never to leave one missionary at the mercy of two cannibals.

Tricky

MR. SIMPKINS, desiring to torture his wife, told her to shuffle a deck of cards and hand him about twenty. He then left the room after instructing her to remove, while he was away, any number of cards up to a dozen and to conceal both packs. Upon entering he pointed out the fact that he had no possible means of knowing how many cards she had removed, which was quite true.

After some laborious concentration, during which it was quite apparent that he was bringing the tremendous forces of his occult powers to bear on the problem, he made the following statement:

"I have in my pack exactly the number of cards you removed, enough more to make fifteen, and exactly three left over."

He then handed her his pack and told her to deal off, face down, the number she had removed. This proved to be nine. He then told her to deal face up six more cards, which would make fifteen. Having done this she was quite amazed to find three cards left over just as he had predicted. Are you as puzzled as she was? If not, try it on your own friends. Properly presented, this trick will pass even in fast company.

Simpkins, Again

AFTER the above performance Mr. Simpkins was so pleased with himself that he forbore giving his wife the following bridge problem which he had obtained especially for her annoyance.

	♠ 9 5 2 ♡ 6 ♢ – ♣ K Q 8	
♠ 7 3 ♡ Q 5 ♢ – ♣ J 10 6	N W E S	♠ J 10 ♡ 10 4 3 ♢ Q 10 ♣ –
	♠ Q ♡ A 9 7 ♢ K J ♣ 2	

South leads, North and South take six of the seven tricks at No-trumps against any defense by East and West.

(Solutions Next Month)

"I TELEPHONED four girls, two stores and the florist in about thirty minutes. There's my luncheon arranged and off my mind."

The telephone puts the world at your finger-tips. It is a quick, dependable messenger in time of need—a willing helper in scores of household duties.

In office and home, these oft-repeated words reveal its value—"I don't know what I'd do without the telephone."

A telephone extension upstairs, beside the bed, is a great convenience at small cost. Saves steps and time—insures privacy.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

MUSCLES CRAMPED

after strenuous drive
Nurse praises
Absorbine Jr. relief

MRS. K. C.,* a St. Louis nurse, suffered from cramped muscles after a long drive in her car. Her first thought was, as she writes, Absorbine Jr.

"I have seen Absorbine Jr. used to good advantage in hospitals, in treating muscular rheumatic pains, and also in easing the pain of tired, cramped muscles.

"Absorbine Jr. is economical because such a small amount will go a long way," is another interesting comment Nurse K. C. made.

As a family standby, no other liniment comes to you more highly recommended by so many doctors and nurses. Bumps, bruises, strains and sprains, gratefully yield their pain and swelling to Absorbine Jr.'s cooling, soothing kindness.

Speed of application after those minor accidents often saves a lot of suffering. Also famous for killing the fungus that causes Athlete's Foot. Keep a bottle handy in your medicine chest; you'll find it thrifty since a little goes so far. Sold at all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 300 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

**Based on actual letter in our files*

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, sleeplessness

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT.

Fifty Years Out

(Continued from page 22)

would be immersed in thought and walk right under the same row of windows. And then along about the end of my Junior year—when our annual cricket match against Oxford was in its fifth month, I recall—I began to reflect on all this water-bagging. And from it I deduced certain conclusions, quite aside from the fact of one's getting wet, which I subsequently embodied in a little work entitled 'Newton's Law of Gravity'."

"YES," said the youth, rather disagreeably. "I've flunked it two years running now. But hell, sir, we all have to make a living, don't we? Now, what about your work on the telescope? I understand that there is a ah—a story behind that."

Sir Isaac's ears underwent a delicate tomato juice tinting. He cleared his throat. "Ridiculous! The whole thing came up through a beastly misunderstanding. You see, I was conducting experiments in order to cure certain defects in the refrangibility of the telescope. I had always felt that by putting a divergence lens behind the converging lens of the object glass, the colours could again be combined. And in recognition of my success in this line, the Royal Society sent me a large telescope in December, 1671."

"And the story?" insinuated the managing editor.

"A canard!" snapped Sir Isaac. He bit angrily into a shining new thruppenny piece, which a worker had just brought in on a tray, and waved it away with a peevish gesture. "A frame-up! I mounted my new telescope on the roof of Twiddlingham House, where I had digs as a Senior Fellow. And there, on moonlit nights, I used to go to commune with the stars. At the time, I was engaged in a livid row with Leibnitz, who had the audacity to claim that I had borrowed my ideas on Fluxions from him."

"ABSURD," nodded the young man. "And the story, sir?"

Sir Isaac swallowed. "Merely this: I was up on the roof one night, searching the heavens for Orion, which happened to be almost directly over the home of Dr. Alger, our choleric Head of Chemistry."

"Hadn't he recently married a youngish wife, sir?"

"I believe so," said Sir Isaac, in a fierce voice. "And as chance would have it, young man, the minx happened to be disrobing for the night, without having had the forethought to pull down the shades. Of course, the instant that she came into my focus I realized that this was no Orion, and hastened to re-set my sights on the heavens. No gentleman, you understand, would be caught at such a dastardly trick. Yet—at that very moment, and such is Life, Dr. Alger came up on the roof behind me, with a sheaf of examination papers which he had brought over for correction." The young man shook his head.

"A lousy break, sir," he said. "And did he really grab up your telescope and break it over your noggin?"

"We won't discuss that," said Sir Isaac coldly. "I merely related the incident in its true light for your edification. Please consider it closed. And now, I must be going."

"WELL, cheerio," said the managing editor, closing his notebook. "You'll be back next week, for your fiftieth, of course?"

Sir Isaac thought. "Well—I don't know if I can get away. Who is Professor of Chemistry now?"

"Dr. Delaney, sir. Dr. Alger has been dead for years."

"I'll try to make it," said Sir Isaac. "Pip-pip."

What are the 8 "MUSTS" doctors demand of a laxative?

YOUR DOCTOR doesn't mince words. He says, emphatically, that a good laxative should meet 8 specific requirements. These requirements are listed below for your protection. Please read them carefully:

The doctor says your laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

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Trust the doctor's judgment when next you need a laxative. Don't flirt with trouble in the form of harsh, nasty-tasting cathartics. Start using Ex-Lax—and you'll find new comfort, mildness and complete relief. Find out for yourself the advantages that have made Ex-Lax the world's largest-selling laxative. Discover the real reasons why Ex-Lax has been used in doctors' families, and in millions of other homes, *for over 30 years.*

Ex-Lax tastes like delicious chocolate. Children take it readily. And it's just as gentle, just as effective, for them as it is for you. At all drug stores in economical 10c and 25c sizes.

When Nature forgets — remember

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Don't be a 1/2 shaver

There are *two* halves to every shave. The first is to get rid of the whiskers. The second is to cool, soothe and care for your skin. So, don't be a *half-shaver.* Finish up this way:

1—To FEEL fine, use one of the Mennen lotions—the liquid Skin Bracer or the cream Skin Balm. They're cooling, tingling, refreshing. They banish razor-rawness. And you'll be delighted with their odor.

2—To LOOK fine, use Mennen Talcum for Men. Does not show. Kills face shine. Makes skin look smoother, younger. The most popular man's powder. (Also—swell after the shower.)

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Answers to Last Month's Wit-Nits

Strategics

Sound travels at 1090 feet per second or approximately 750 miles per hour. The Japanese general overlooked the fact that the Russian rocket driven planes were approaching his microphone as fast as the sound waves they emitted. Hence the planes could not be heard until they arrived.

Digit Crypt

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
W	A	T	E	R	N	Y	M	P	H

Cards and Spades

Mr. Lenz found the cards were distributed as follows:

	♠ A 9 8 5 ♡ – ♢ – ♣ –	
♠ K Q ♡ 7 ♢ 8 ♣ –	Mr. Lenz W E Dummy	♠ 10 7 6 3 ♡ – ♢ – ♣ –
	♠ J 4 2 ♡ – ♢ – ♣ 8	

Mr. Lenz won the first trick with the Ace of trumps.

He forced West into the lead by leading a small spade.

Whether West returned a Diamond or a Heart, he trumped with the 8. If East overtrumps with the 10, Dummy trumps with the J and the 9 of spades wins the last trick. If East plays a low spade to trick 3, dummy merely discards the 8 of clubs.

Crazy Over Horses

Bill Carmichael paid $140 for the better horse, which he sold for $154, a 10% profit. He paid $40 for the other nag and could only get $36 for this unfortunate beast, a loss of 10%.

Mystery

The traveler in the midst of his seemingly hopeless predicament shouted, and, upon hearing an echo, walked in the direction of the echo.

We wish to respectfully call to the attention of some who have objected to this solution that the refraction of sound waves obeys the same laws as the reflection of light waves, with which anyone who has looked in a mirror is familiar. We contend that he would hear an echo whenever he shouted until he arrived within fifty feet of the building unless he were at a point from which an imaginary line could not be drawn perpendicular to the plane of the nearest wall of the building.

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FURNESS
LEADS THE WAY TO BERMUDA

Contract

By George Coffin

THREE-HANDED Bridge was originated around 1900 by an old time straight Bridge player for the amusement of his two companions when the three players were stranded without a fourth in the outposts of civilization. This unknown genius was directly responsible for the injection of competitive auction bidding into the old fashioned game of straight Bridge wherein only the dealer or his partner had the right to name the trump suit.

With the innovation of Contract, three-handed Auction vanished, and no satisfactory method of playing Contract three-handed was developed until the writer published in the Junior League Magazine, October 1933, a game called "Triangle." Unlike the badly rehashed forms of Cutthroat Auction for Contract play, "Triangle" proved to be the only legitimate form of Contract Bridge for three players, because it keeps the spirit of Contract in permitting two players to contract for their games and slams *as partners.*

The method is simple. The dealer, seated between his opponents, distributes the cards in the usual manner. But as he has no partner to bid with, he exposes his absent partner's cards face up opposite him on the table as the dummy before bidding commences. His left hand opponent bids first then his right hand opponent bids next as partners before the dealer bids at all. The dummy never bids because the dealer bids his two hands together as a unit.

The game so closely resembles regular Contract that it is only a minor variation thereof, differing from Contract only by the dummy's absence during the bidding.

Should the novel situation arise wherein either opponent of the dealer buys the contract, the basic rule of opening leads applies. The hand to the left of the defending Declarer, whether the dealer or the dummy, leads; and the two declaring partners play their contract with their hands closed against the dealer and his exposed dummy. There are never two dummies.

While the dealer and the dummy may seem to have an advantage, the play of thousands of hands has found this not to be the case. If anything, the defenders have the advantage in playing their contracts because exposure of the enemy dummy shows them how to take finesses!

While three-handed Contract may be played by rubbers with each player partnered with the dummy throughout an entire rubber, it's better for each player to deal in regular rotation.

Play each deal as a game by itself, so you'll have no part scores, vulnerability, or rubbers to worry about. For bidding and making game a player receives a bonus of 300 points, and for fulfilling any contract below game a bonus of 50 points. The dealer always wins or loses *double* the actual score because he collects the dummy's winnings and pays the dummy's losses. At the end of the hand, Dealer's right hand opponent moves into the vacant chair, and to save much moving around, it's a good plan for each player to deal three times consecutively.

HERE'S a pretty problem we ran across recently. While it's not too difficult, its development is neat.

	♠ 7 6 5 4 3 ♡ 10 ◇ J 4 ♣ A	
♠ 10 2 ♡ 8 ◇ 3 2 ♣ K 9 6 3	N W E S	♠ J 9 ♡ 9 ◇ K 10 8 7 ♣ Q 7
	♠ A K Q 8 ♡ none ◇ A Q 9 6 5 ♣ none	

Hearts are trumps and South leads. North and South must win eight tricks against the best defense. Solution published next month.

Last Month's Problem

	♠ K 8 4 ♡ 7 6 ◇ A 7 4 ♣ 10 5	
♠ A Q 3 ♡ 5 ◇ Q 10 9 ♣ Q 9 8	N W E S	♠ 10 9 7 ♡ Q J 10 8 ◇ 8 5 3 ♣ none
	♠ J 6 5 2 ♡ A 9 ◇ K J 6 2 ♣ none	

Hearts are trumps and South leads to win five tricks. South leads a low spade.

If West wins and leads a heart forcing South's ace, North throws West in on the third round of spades. West returns a club which East trumps high. East pulls trumps and switches to a diamond which South's king of diamonds wins, and South leads the thirteenth spade squeezing.

If West passes the opening spade lead, North's king of spades wins and North leads a club forcing East to trump with an equal while South sheds a diamond. East returns a heart forcing South's ace. South, then North cash their high diamonds, and North leads a club making up the fifth trick from South's last trump, *en passant.*

THEY'LL ALWAYS 'ACCEPT'
where a
MASTER SHUFFLER
Mixes Exciting Hands

You'll have no trouble getting Mr. and Mrs. Bridgepuss over to your house this week, if a MASTER SHUFFLER is at the bridge-table. MASTER SHUFFLER automatically shuffles cards . . . makes hands more interesting . . . bidding more exciting . . . games more enjoyable. Card parties are popular with MASTER SHUFFLER on the table. Compact; white and black plastic; guaranteed. For sale at better stores everywhere.

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Name .....

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.....

High Hat

(Continued from page 17)

The Doodles have highspeed motorcycle motors, the two most popular types being known as "Outboards" and "Offenhausers". A good Doodle racing car will set you (*you*, Mister, not us) back around $2250. The things are so narrow that you have to be endowed with a streamlined what-sis to sit in the padded seat.

World Normalcy Looms

ONE fact encourages us to view the troublous times in Spain and in the Mediterranean with a calm eye—Ireland is in turmoil again.

The Chrysler Building, which houses the Free State Consulate (somewhat nervously, we bet) is being picketed noon hours by a file of indignant Irish. They are wrought up, according to the posters and handbills, over the case of one Michael Conway, who has been sentenced to life for something by the Fianna Fail Government.

We are unfamiliar with the details of the case, and the literature distributed fails to enlighten. It merely states that the sentence was made possible because of the disunity of the Republican and anti-imperialist forces in Ireland, and urges all hands to help form a United Conway Defence Committee.

In the old days, when things were jake everywhere else, Ireland was always engaged in a ruckus over something. But the past few years, under Professor De Valera's severe glance, the Emerald Isle has had a hell of a time making page three of the second section in the news. Things have been too quiet there. And a quiet Ireland is an Ireland contrary to all the laws of tradition.

Now, we can't help feel that things are righting themselves. The Tormeys and the Daleys are not speaking. The Kerrigans and the Byrnes are rolling up their sleeves and quietly hoarding the dornicks. Any day now, the wires will be rocking with the clash of battle.

With Ireland at odds, we can't help but feel that Mussolini and Hitler will get just a little bit ashamed of all the attention they have preempted of late. Maybe they will put away their soldiers and play at peace again. The Irish used to furnish practically all the dissension we needed, just among themselves. Looks like the good old days are coming back, if signs mean anything.

High Hattractions

VARIETY'S latest four-star headline: "STIX PIX CRIX ON DOWNBEAT". To you lads who wintered in Cambridge and summered in Back Bay: "Motion picture critics in small towns are losing popularity."

(Page 30, please)

Is Your Name Here?

BELOW is a list of surnames of some of the most distinguished American families. Our research staff, over a period of years, has completed preparation of manuscripts dealing with the history of each of these families. If your name is listed, you should have a copy of your manuscript. You will find it not only of keen interest, but a source of pride and satisfaction to yourself and your kin.

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Each manuscript is a GENEALOGICAL and HISTORICAL sketch of the family from medieval times, showing its origin and growth, its place among the gentry in Great Britain or on the Continent, its part in the founding and development of America, and its achievements in this country. The derivation of the name itself is traced; family traits and characteristics are brought out; and genealogical data are set forth. Each history is a separate and distinct work painstakingly compiled from the most authentic sources. Bound as it is in an attractive gray cover, the manuscript may be filed among your family records or other important documents. It will serve as background material for your immediate family history and as a basis for the genealogy of future generations.

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Abel(l)
Abernathy
Abernethy
Ackley
Adair
Adam(s)
Adkins
Agnew
Aiken(s)
Ainsworth
Alden
Alexander
Alford
Alger
Allen-Allan
Allison
Alston
Alvord
Ambrose
Ames
Anderson
Andrews
Angel(l)
Anthony
Appleby
Appleton
Armitage
Armstrong
Arndt
Arnold
Arthur
Ashley
Atchison
Atkins
Atkinson
Atwater
Atwell
Atwood
Austin
Avers—Ayres
Babbitt
Babcock
Bacon
Badger
Bagley
Bailey
Baird
Baker
Balch
Baldwin
Ball
Ballard
Ballou
Bancroft
Bangs
Banks
Banta
Barber
Barbour
Barclay
Bard
Barker
Barlow
Barnard
Barnes
Barney
Barr
Barrett
Bar(r)on
Barry
Bartholomew
Bartlett
Barton
Bassett
Batchelder
Batchelor
Batcheller
Bates
Battle
Bauer
Baugh
Baxter
Beach
Beal(e)—Beall
Bean
Bear
Beaton
Beatty
Beattie
Beck
Beckwith
Beebe
Beecher
Beer(s)
Belcher
Belden

Bell
Bellinger
Bellows
Benedict
Benjamin
Bennett
Bentley
Benton
Bergen
Bergin
Bernard
Berry
Bertram
Bethune
Betts
Bevan(s)
Beyer
Biddle
Bidwell
Billings
Bishop
Black
Blackburn
Blackstone
Blackwell
Blair
Blake
Blanchard
Bland
Bliss
Blodgett
Blood
Bl(o)unt
Blue
Bly(e)—Bligh
Boardman
Boggs
Bolton
Bond
Bonney
Boone
Booth(e)
Borden
Boss(e)
Bostwick
Bosworth
Bourne
Bowen
Bower(s)
Bowie
Bowker
Bowler
Bo(w)les
Bowman
Boyce
Boyd
Boynton
Bradford
Bradley
Brady
Bragdon
Bragg
Brainard
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Bray
Brewster
Briggs
Bright
Brock
Brooks
Brown(e)
Browning
Bruce
Bryan(t)
Buchanan
Buck
Buckingham
Bullard
Burlingame
Burnett
Burnham
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Burrell
Burrill
Burroughs
Burrows
Burton
Burwell
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Bushnell
Butler
Butterfield
Button
Butt(s)
Byer(s)
Byrum—Byram

Cade
Cady
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Cain(e)
Caldwell
Calhoun
Callahan
Callender
Calvert
Cameron
Campbell
Camp(e)
Canfield
Cannon
Cardwell
Car(e)y
Carlisle
Carpenter
Carr
Carrier
Carroll
Carter
Caswell(l)
Castle
Chamberlain
Chambers
Chandler
Chapman
Chappell
Chase
Chester
Child(s)
Chiles
Chisholm
Church
Churchill
Clark(e)
Clement(s)
Clemens
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Cleveland
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Cole
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Colvin
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Connelly
Connolly
Connor
Conner
Cook(e)
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Cooper
Cor(e)y
Courtney
Covert
Cowden
Cowles
Cox
Craig
Crane—Crain
Crawford
Crockett
Cromwell
Crosby
Cross
Crossman
Crouch
Crow(e)
Crump
Culp—Kulp
Culver
Cummin(g)s
Cunningham
Curry—Currie
Curtis
Cushing
Cushman
Cutter
Dabney
Daggett
Dalton
Daniel(s)
Dan(n)

Darling
Davenport
David(s)
Davidson
Davies
Davis
Dawson
Day
Dean(e)
Decker(t)
Delan(e)y
Dennis
Den(n)ison
Derby—Darby
Dewey
DeWitt
Dexter
Dickens
Dickinson
Dill—Dell
Dinsmore
Dixon
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Dole
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Dorr—Dore
Dotson
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Emerson
Emery
Emmett
Endicott
Estes
Evans
Everett
Everitt
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Faulkner
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Ferris—Farris
Field
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Freeman
French
Fritz—Fritts
Frost
Fuller
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Gallup—Gallop
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M(a)cDougall
M(a)cFarland
M(a)cFarlane
M(a)cGregor
M(a)cKay
M(a)cKenzie
M(a)cLean
M(a)cLeod
M(a)cPherson
M(a)cRae
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Mann
Manning
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Markham
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Marsh
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Marston
Martin
Marvin
Mason
Masters
Masterson
Mather
Mat(t)hews
Maxwell
May
Mayer
Mayhew
Mayo
McAdam(s)
McAllister
McCall
McCart(h)y
McClain
McClure
McCormack
McCormick
McCune
McEwen
McEwan
McDowell
McElroy
McGee—Magee
McGinnis
McGowan
McGowen
McGuire
Maguire
McIntosh
McIntyre
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McKean
McKinley
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McNamara
Mead(e)
Melvin
Mercer
Mercier
Merriam
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Merriman
Merritt
Messinger
Messenger
Metcalf(e)
Michel(l)
Middleton
Miles—Myles
Millard
Miller
Milligan
Milliken
Mills
Miner
Minor
Mitchel(l)
Moffat(t)
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Monroe
Munro(e)
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Moody
Moore—More
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Morehouse
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Morrow
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Munson
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Murray
Nagel—Nagle
Nash
Neal(e)
Neil(l)
Nelson
Nesbit
Neville
Newberry
Newcomb
Newell
Newland
Newman

Newton
Nichol(l)s
Nicholson
Nisbet
Noble
Norris
North
Northrup
Northrop
Norton
Noyes
Odell
Ogden
Olin
Oliver
Olmste(a)d
O'Neil(l)
Osborn(e)
Overton
Owen(s)
Pace
Page—Paige
Painter
Palmer
Parker
Parkhurst
Parkinson
Park(s)
Parke(s)
Parnell
Parsons
Partridge
Pate
Pat(t)erson
Pat(t)on
Patten
Paul
Payne
Pain(e)
Peabody
Peacock
Peak(e)—Peek
Pearson
Pierson
Pease
Peck
Penn
Pennington
Percival
Perkins
Perry
Peters
Peterson
Petersen
Pet(t)it
Petty
Phelps
Phillips
Phinney
Pickens
Pickering
Pierce
Pearce
Pike
Pillsbury
Pinkerton
Piper
Pit(t)man
Pitt(s)
Place
Plant
Platt
Plummer
Plunkett
Poe
Polan(d)
Polk
Pollard
Pollock
Pomeroy
Pond
Pool(e)
Poor(e)
Pope
Porter
Post
Potter
Potts

Powell
Powers
Pratt
Prentice
Prentiss
Prescott
Preston
Price
Prince
Prindle
Pringle
Pritchard
Pryor—Prior
Purdy
Putnam
Quackenbush
Quarles
Quick
Quinn
Radcliff(e)
Ratcliff(e)
Rainey
Ralston
Ramsdell
Ramsey
Ramsay
Rand
Randall
Randolph
Rankin
Ranney
Ransom
Ranson
Rathbun
Rawlin(g)s
Rawson
Ray
Raymond
Reading
Red(d)ing
Redfield
Reed
Reid
Read
Rees(e)
Reece
Reeve(s)
Reaves
Reynolds
Rhea
Rice
Richards
Richardson
Ricker
Riddle
Riddell
Rider—Ryder
Ridg(e)way
Riggs
Riley
Ripley
Ri(t)chie
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Rittenhouse
Ritter
Rivers
Roane
Robbins
Roberts
Robertson
Robin(s)
Robinson
Rockwell
Rockwood
Rodman
Roe
Rogers
Rollins
Rolston
Rooks—Rook(e)
Rose
Ross
Rosser
Rossiter
Round(s)
Rowan
Rowe
Rowell

Rowland
Rowley
Ruggles
Rush
Russel(l)
Rust
Rutherford
Rutter
Ryerson
Sabin
Sackett
Sage
St. John
Salisbury
Salter
Sam(p)son
Sanborn
Sanderson
Sanford
Sargent
Sa(u)nders
Savage
Sawyer
Sayre—Sayer
Scarb(o)rough
Schaef(f)er
Schaf(f)er
Schen(c)k
Schermerhorn
Schneider
Schumacher
Schuyler
Scott
Scovil(le)
Sears
Seel(e)y
Selden—Seldon
Sellers
Semple
Seward
Sewell—Sewall
Sexton
Saxton
Seymour
Shaf(f)er
Shannon
Sharp(e)
Shaw
Shay
Shea
Sheldon
Shelton
Shepherd
Shep(p)ard
Sheridan
Sherman
Schurman
Shield(s)
Shipley
Shirley
Shoemaker
Sim(m)onds
Sim(m)ons
Symons
Sims—Simms
Simpson
Sinclair
Singleton
Sinnott
Sinnett
Skinner
Slack
Slade
Slater
Slocum
Small
Smart
Smith
Snow
Snyder
Snider
Som(m)erville
Spafford
Spofford
Spangler
Sparks
Spa(u)lding

Spear
Speed
Spence
Spencer
Spengler
Spicer
Spooner
Spotswood
Sprague
Springer
Staat(s)
Stafford
Standish
Stanford
Stanley
Stanton
Staples
Stapleton
Star(c)k
Starkey
Starr
Stauffer
Stouffer
Stearn(s)
Stebbins
Steel(e)
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Sterling
Stirling
Stetson
Stevens
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Stewart
Stuart
Stickney
Stiles—Styles
Stillman
Stil(l)well
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Stinson
Stockton
Stoddard
Stokes
Stone
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Stout
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Stowell
Strange
Stratton
Street
Streeter
Strickland
Strong
Stryker
Stricker
Stubbs
Stump(e)
Sturges
Sturgis
Sullivan
Sumner
Sutcliffe
Sutherland
Sutton
Swain—Swayne
Sweet
Swett
Swift
Sylvester
Taft
Talbot(t)
Tal(l)madge
Talmage
Tal(l)man
Tanner
Tate—Tait
Taylor
Temple
Tenn(e)y
Terrell
Terrill
Terry
Tha(t)cher

Thayer
Thomas
Thom(p)son
Thorn(e)
Thornton
Thorp(e)
Thurston
Tibbet(t)s
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Tilley
Tindall
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Tompkins
Torrey
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Trowbridge
Trumbull
Tucker
Tufts
Turner
Turney
Tuttle
Tuthill
Tyler
Tyrrell
Tyson
Underhill
Underwood
Upham
Upshaw
Upshur
Upton
Usher
Vail
Van Buren
Van D(e)usen
Van Dyke
Van Dyck
Van Horn(e)
Van Meter
Vaugh(a)n
Vinton
Waddell
Wade
Wadsworth
Wagner
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Wakefield
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Waterhouse
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Watson
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Watt(s)
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Web(b)er
Webster
Weeden
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White
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Whitfield
Whiting
Whitlock
Whitman
Whitmer
Whitney
Whit(t)aker
Whit(te)more
Whittlesey
Wickham
Wilbur—Wilber
Wilder
Wiley—Wylie
Wilkins
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Willard
Wil(l)cox
Willett
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Williams
Williamson
Willis
Willoughby
Wills
Wilson
Winchester
Windsor
Wing
Winn(e)
Winslow
Winston
Winter
Wise
Wiseman
Withers
Witter
Wolcott
Wolf(e)—Wolff
Woodbury
Woodcock
Woodman
Woodruff
Wood(s)
Woodward
Woodworth
Wool(l)ey
Wooley
Worden
Worthington
Wray
Wren(n)
Wright
Wyatt
Wyman
Wynn(e)
Yale
Yates
Yeoman(s)
York
Young
Youngman
Zimmerman(n)

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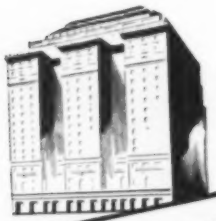
Once during every twenty-four hours we have our guest completely at our mercy. When he tumbles into one of our luxurious beds amidst snowy linen and warm, soft blankets, we make a friend. When he arises next morning refreshed and content, we have been good hosts and just a little smart on our own account.



A UNITED HOTEL

The ROOSEVELT

Bernam G. Hines, Managing Director

Madison Ave. at 45th St., New York

(With entrance in the Grand Central Station)

High Hat

(Continued from page 28)

The straight-grain briars at the Wilke Pipe Shop, 400 Madison Ave. Wayne King picks 'em there, as does Ricardo Cortez . . . also their High Hat blend of pipe tobacco is *something!*

The "3-Cents-A-Day Plan—For Hospital Care." It provides non-transferable, paid-in-advance hospital service for a definite period each year. If you're interested in either group hospital insurance, or for your family, or yourself, the Associated Hospital Service, 370 Lexington Av., N.Y.C. will tell all!

The tremendous oratorical build-up of the candy butcher at Bill Minsky's Burley on 42nd. By the time he gets ready to sell you a ten-cent bar, you get as premiums a book of feelthy pectures ("from Paris, France"), a scorching novelette with tempting implications (also "from Paris, France"), a set of he-and-she transparencies on a wiggly film and a rubber reducing girdle. Next year, Bill will certainly have to throw in Lillian Harrison or Gypsy Rose Lee . . . he's sperling the boys!

The last of the Applemen—on 44th, just west of 5th. He's seen 'em all come and go . . . along with the NRA. What he doesn't know about the eating habits of the city's stenographic force could be engraved on the head of a Hitler!

Jesse Owens' interview with U.S. newsmen on his return home—a model of modesty and tact which every Olympian might do well to read and absorb.

Stork Club barbershop, run by Jimmy Costello. Jimmy has a glass case with four old-fashioned shaving mugs, razors, combs and brushes in them. These are lettered with the names of their owners: Sherman Billingsley, Mark Hellinger, Steve Hannagan, and Walter Winchell. He says he doesn't do a mob business, but it's regular—has shaved Peep-Eye every Sunday at 7 p.m. for the past four years. Jimmy works by appointment . . . if you are one of those gents who demands a barber with a tonsorial pedigree like Man o' War's and a touch like Ignace Jan Paderewski's, give him a ring at the Stork.

Best Steppers

THE Waltz in Swing Time & A Fine Romance—Fred Astaire with Johnny Green and his orchestra—Brunswick.

I'll Sing You a Thousand Love Songs & South Sea Island Magic—Eddy Duchin and his orchestra—Victor.

La Bomba & Mi Sombrero—Xavier Cugat and his Waldorf-Astoria Hotel orchestra—Victor.

Album: Sibelius—Concerto in D Minor—Played by Jascha Heifetz—Victor Musical Masterpiece.

—JUDGE, JR.

Can You Solve This In Fourteen Minutes?

A LETTER from prisoner number 142857 addressed to one Lefty Lewis was intercepted by the ever watchful warden. The whole thing seemed very suspicious, as the message was evidently in cipher. The prison authorities wrestled with the problem, but were entirely frustrated. They finally sent it to Mr. Footly, in Washington. The message read:

BCDFGHB JKDLMNMP QCBBMH
RHBMK PQCKB TPMS GV DPPCL
TPDCKT FCBBNM SNDHW MDTCNX
NCVPMB TMNN HMMB FGHMX.

The warden received the decoded message by telephone, exactly fourteen minutes after it had reached Mr. Footly's desk. Of course, Mr. Footly was expert at ciphers, but perhaps you may equal his time.

THE above cipher is from Judge, the oldest and most widely read humorous magazine in America.

Every issue is a new and complete review—cartoons, humor, satire, politics, movies, books, plus the best puzzle page in America. A department of brain-teasing sticklers to test your I. Q. (Intelligence Quotient). And each issue contains two of the toughest and most amusing crossword puzzles you've ever tackled.

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Enclosed find $1.50 for a year's subscription to Judge.
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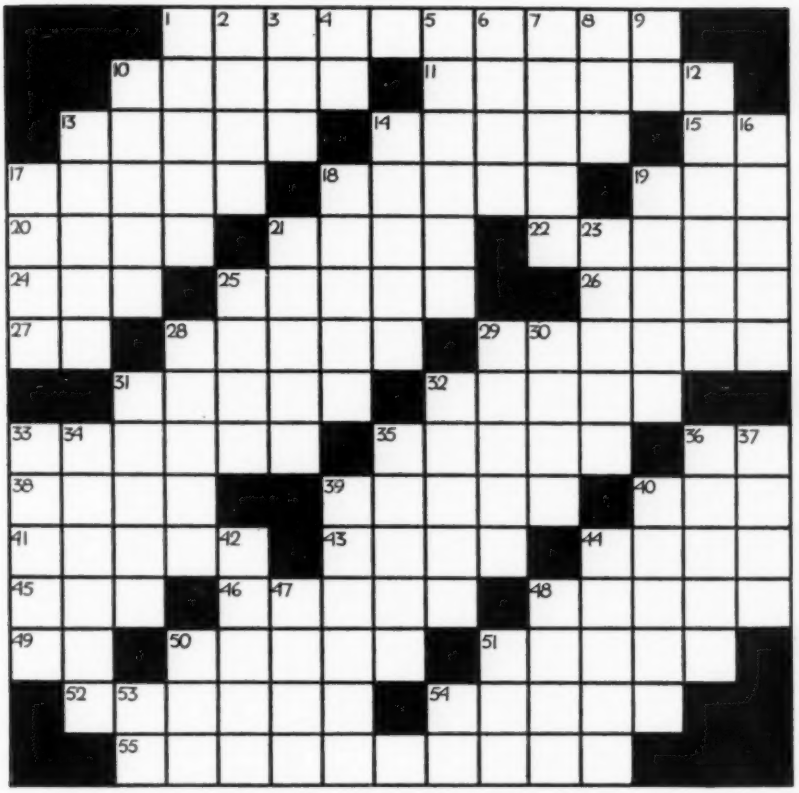
Address.....
City.....
State.....

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 366



Submitted by J. S. Ward, Montreal, Canada

Horizontal

1. Better skip this—it's forbidden.
10. A good place to go to sea from.
11. Titania's hubby, so Shakespeare says.
13. Rap.
14. Modern music.
15. The go-between for Plaster & Paris.
17. One way to bring up Cain.
18. Them over here.
19. A noble word.
20. Every good fairy story starts thus.
21. A Big Noise in Norse deities.
22. Them over there.
24. Poet's debt.
25. This word is secret to us all.
26. Aid, from a lawyer.
27. You sometimes see stars after this interjection.
28. The only thing she missed in Wonderland was the Townsend Plan.
29. Emphasis is needed here.
31. The house that Dickens built.
32. Something to shout about.
33. A pickup for your radio.
35. By-products of green apples.
36. All of us.
38. The cross crustacean.
39. This'll probably make you mad.
40. He just can't go straight.
41. This gets in your hair.
43. Language of the Gaels, though it's nothing to blow about.
44. All sots of people hang around these.
45. A queer word for anyone to use.
46. Home of the high flyers.
48. This is always behindhand.
49. A business preposition.
50. Stony ground in South America.
51. What the dowager did to the young man with her lorgnette.
52. Powdered.
54. Spout.
55. The music goes round and round.

Vertical

1. Pertaining to the moon.
2. Where you do as the Romans do.
3. Crude metal found in Korea.
4. The boy friend.
5. Oh, we won't go there any more!
6. Mr. Stork's Egyptian cousin.
7. Something to hold on to.
8. Amount of work done by Most W.P.A.'s.
9. If you want anything repeated, put it in the middle of this.
10. Dangerous curve, for a golfer.
12. Rackets.
13. When the knees take a bow.
14. Lots of push here.
16. The worries of a ukelele.
17. A place for improvement.
18. How London likes its fogs.
19. There's an unreel quality about this kind of man.
21. We invite you to make this test.
23. These forge ahead by leaps and bounds.
25. A special request.
28. This is best made with cast iron.
29. Glisten, as an unpowdered nose.
30. Just an old canvas-back.
31. This makes a good impression on cattle.
32. You need this to get the effect.
33. His daily bread consists of roles.
34. Wore away.
35. Place to get plastered.
36. This gets badder as you go on.
37. One of the points about a compass.
39. Ships get very bored by this worm.
40. Something underhand at the billiard table.
42. A defeeted comedian.
44. What happened when a chicken got in the soup.
47. Such a divine garden!
48. It's easy to get wrapped up in this.
50. All that was left after the big flare-up.
51. The start of any frappé.
53. What people try to keep with the Joneses.
54. This is your alternative.

Solution of Puzzle No. 364

G	O	A	T		D	I	T	C	H		W	H	O	A
L	A	D				T	O	E				E	A	R
U	T	A	H		R	E	P	L	Y		P	A	R	T
M		M	A	D	A	M		L	A	T	E	R		S
				T	I	N				C	W	A		
C		R	E	N	T	S		S	H	O	R	E		L
L	A	U	D		S	C	E	N	T		L	A	V	A
O	I	L				E	G	O				S	A	Y
C	R	E	W		A	N	G	R	Y		M	E	T	E
K		D	R	I	V	E		T	A	P	E	S		R
			A	C	E				W	E	T			
C		S	T	E	R	N		S	N	A	R	E		D
O	A	T	H		S	A	F	E	S		E	T	N	A
M	A	E				M	E	N				C	A	T
B	A	T	H		T	E	E	T	H		T	H	E	E

★

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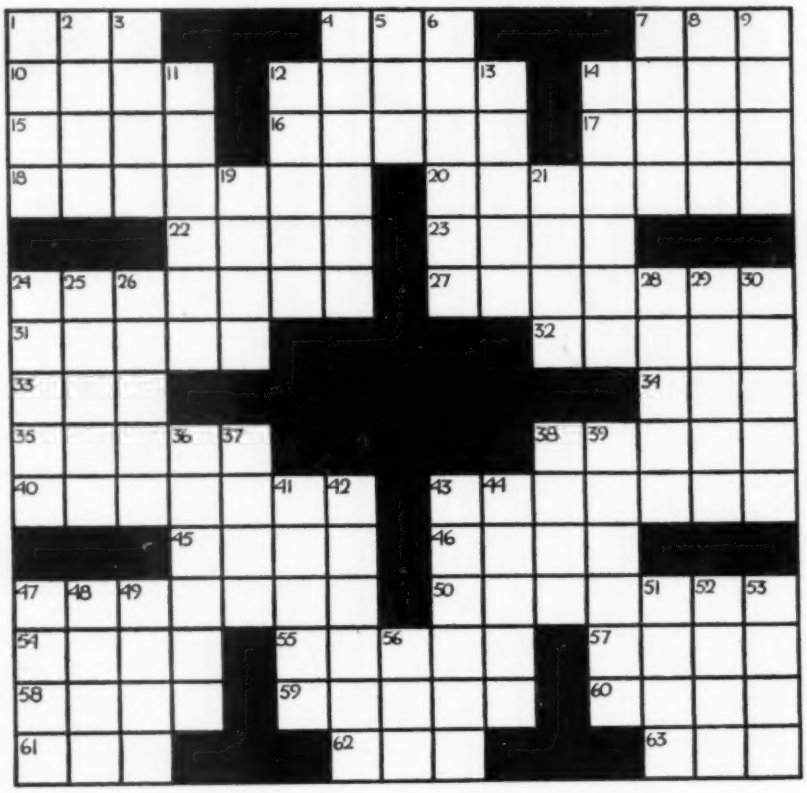
Charles F. A. Frey, Manager.

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 367



Submitted by Mrs. Charles Lawrence Munch, Belmont, Mass.

Horizontal

1. A valuable asset for contractors.
4. What a man falls back on when he has tire trouble.
7. Shillings and pence.
10. Even during the depression you could make a fortune out of this.
12. The chip on Carnera's shoulder.
14. A corn grower.
15. This fellow will give you the lowdown on the race.
16. A flaw on a diamond.
17. This is always getting in the soup.
18. Dopes.
20. Overhead in the White House.
22. The way the girls are backed to-day.
23. What people do to have overnight guests.
24. The guy who puts you on the blink.
27. A precious stone.
31. You can't say that this doesn't try.
32. A steady grinder.
33. This is just half decent.
34. The end of all cheese.
35. This is what mother got from the children for Christmas.
38. Here is where you get the sac.
40. A good mixer.
43. This man usually has a lot on his mind.
45. To force onward.
46. Boarding house victuals.
47. This is just offal.
50. What some men do to be successful.
54. This fellow is sure to get a lift from a camel.
55. A watchword.
57. The cry of the stag at eve.
58. This will put an end to Tammany.
59. Collegiate conductors.
60. Get up!
61. An order man.
62. How blondes get that way.
63. Pulled around by the nose.

Vertical

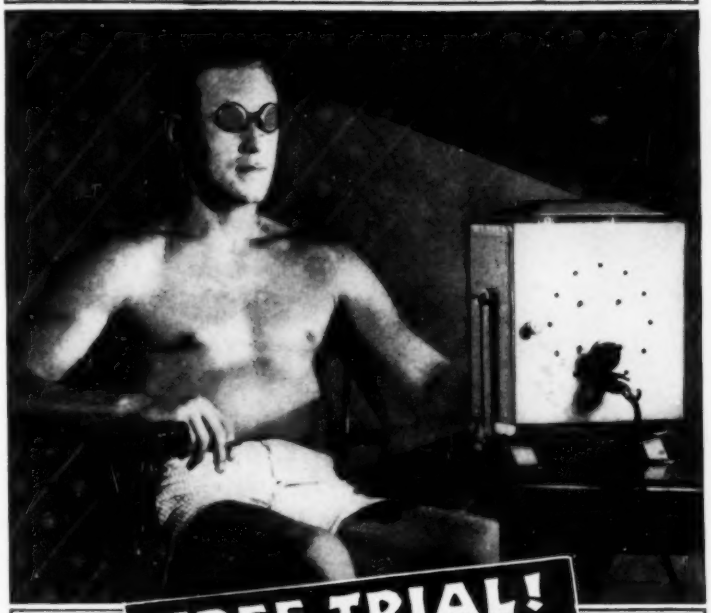
1. This was voiced by the lowest female.
2. A cagey affair.
3. You can make a case out of this one.
4. This is usually hanging around the women.
5. This is always getting into a row.
6. And this gets down in the mouth at a cold.
7. The way the Romans used to get places.
8. A stubborn ending.
9. They never have chickens at this kind of dinner.
11. You're apt to get stalled here.
12. These froth at the mouth.
13. A sleepy time thought.
14. This makes the Spaniards step around.
19. The end of the English bull.
21. This one is a little particular.
24. The first thing a beautician does to her eyes in the morning.
25. This makes many tips during the summer.
26. 'Til we meet again.
28. Always on the watch.
29. This gets tight on a horse's neck.
30. That Blue Monday feeling.
36. How a woman's check book looks at the end of the month.
37. A man's name.
38. The end of a reprobate.
39. This goes over big in the winter.
41. A thing that ham actors don't like to be.
42. Was in a whirl.
43. To complain in a big way.
44. What a woman does to every cent she gets.
47. You can play around with this.
48. A Russian sea.
49. This is positively putrid.
51. And this is positively bad.
52. A cold storage compartment.
53. This is an act in itself.
56. One way to get merry.

Solution of Puzzle No. 365

C	A	G	E	D		H	A	L	O		P	A	L	E
A	G	A	T	E		A	B	E	D		E	V	I	L
P	A	P	A	S		G	A	V	E		P	E	N	S
E	V	E		T	A	S	T	E		S	P	R	E	E
R	E	S	O	R	T		E	L	A	T	E			
			M	O	A	T			C	O	R	S	E	T
A	L	L	E	Y		O	M	A	H	A		E	R	E
C	O	I	N		G	R	A	T	E		R	A	I	L
E	V	A		P	I	A	N	O		C	A	M	E	L
S	E	R	I	E	S			P	A	H	I			
			M	A	T	C	H		P	E	D	A	L	S
C	A	R	A	T		H	A	R	E	M		L	E	O
A	G	O	G		R	I	D	E		I	N	L	A	W
M	U	T	E		U	L	E	S		S	U	A	V	E
P	E	A	S		B	E	S	T		E	T	H	E	R

Have that healthy TAN *that Men and Women Admire!*

IMPROVES YOUR APPEARANCE 100%



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SUN RAYS IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH AS WELL AS YOUR APPEARANCE!

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■ Business men find that they pay more attention to the strong, healthy looking men that they meet, that they are more apt to give them preferences over the pale, wan type that looks too frail to hold down a man's size job. Salesmen especially, find that the very appearance of health and strength helps them to increase their orders. They win instant attention where they used to get dis-interest and inattention. When they appear tanned and bronzed the customer instinctively assumes that they are successful—else how could they get the time or the money to spend at resorts to acquire a tan? And to be *thought* successful is the first step toward *being* a success!

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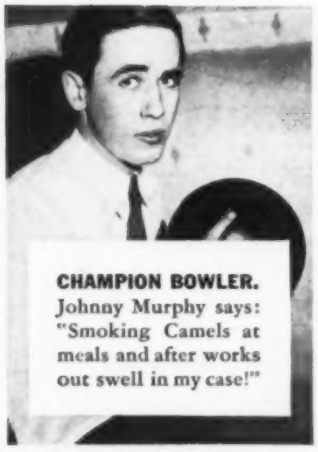

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